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The Pacific

First Pure, then Peaceable; Without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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Letter from Rev. Dr. C. D. Barrows.

BERLIN, September, 1885.

We reached Brussels after a pleasant journey of about seven hours from Paris, and found, at the Hotel de l'Europe, rooms and a cuisine equal to any we have found this side the Atlantic. Brussels, the capital of the Belgium kingdom, has a population of about 200,000 inhabitants; counting the suburbs, it numbers over 400,000. The King's palace is here, and also the Palais de Justice, and other buildings of note. We visited places of general interest, including the gallery of pictures, with rare paintings by Flemish artists. The ladies of the party also visited, more than once (to the diminution of France and sovereigns, be it said), the lace houses. Wonderful was the article, and marvelously cheap the price. I am sure every lady listening to the reading of this part of the epistle will wish she were in Brussels. The husbands and fathers may prefer that they remain where they are. However, our ladies were very sparing of their indulgence, and restrained the ardor of their lace ambition with a spirit of self-sacrifice worthy of the times of Latimer and Hus.

Antwerp is a weird old city. It numbers 150,000 inhabitants. The cathedral, one of the noted ones of Europe, and containing the two famous paintings of Rubens—viz., "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Elevation of the Cross"—and having "a steeple" nearly 404 English feet in height, is a structure well worth visiting. The church of St. Jacques was built in the fifteenth century, and contains some fine old stained-glass windows and carved marblework, probably unsurpassed. We visited the site of the old citadel and the old jail, where, in the sixteenth century, the miserable victims of the Inquisition met their fate, by the most cruel tortures in dungeons—now remaining intact, within which may be seen the original instruments of torture, and the pipes through which water entered the cell by degrees, finally drowning the prisoner; also the pipes from which water dropped, dropped, dropped, upon the head of the sufferer till death brought relief, when his body was sent down through an *obolite* (a trap-door near the river in the dungeon), where he finally dropped, by degrees, hopelessly, into the under waters of the Scheldt. All this in the name of religion and truth!

Some of our party visited Ghent, and had a taste thereby of Flemish life, by reaching its border, though not really entering into a minute study of that section of Belgium.

Before we left Brussels we spent a day at Waterloo, and made a studious investigation of that historic battle. I wish I could give you on paper the field and the combatants, taking you along the road to the Chateau of Hougoumont, the key to the English position, and even now displaying, in wall and building, the marks of the balls as they went forth upon their deadly work. I would like to go with you to La Belle Alliance, and thence over the path leading to the cross-roads at La Haye Sainte. Standing on the summit of the mound, with the Belgic lion at its crest, or riding over the battlefield, inspecting carefully each ridge and plain, one cannot fail to admire the wisdom of Wellington in his selection of this spot for the final trial of valor and generalship, or to ask himself repeatedly the questions, "Why, after all, was Napoleon beaten? And when he was beaten, why did he not retreat to Brussels, where he would have found many staunch adherents flocking to his banner?" The English were whipped Sunday morning soon after the battle commenced, and Wellington barely escaped being taken prisoner. We agree with the statement of one of Wellington's best officers and a member of his staff when he says that, "had Napoleon led the Imperial Guard, instead of intrusting that charge to Ney, he would have broken the English lines and won on the field of Waterloo." No one can dispute the fact that Wellington proved himself to be one of the great generals of his or any other age; and the most enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon must admit that he was outgeneraled on the field of Waterloo by the commander of the English forces. The progress of Christian civilization did not lie along the plane of Napoleonic victories, and providence had determined that, therefore, Napoleon should fail. Neither can France do aught than honor the memory of the man who, with all his vices, loved her well, and made his advance and her glory identical. History is doing the name of Napoleon greater justice than the allied Powers did to him while he lived, when all Europe stood in awe of one man, and, in terror, and with a lack of that magnanimity which great victors can afford to display towards the conquered, banished him to St. Helena. Napoleon did a great work for France; but his personal ambition outran his statesmanship, and hence his generalship was warped, and his fate was sealed. From the hour that he gratified that ambition by sacrificing Josephine at its shrine he lost his hold upon those uplifting motives which always characterize true greatness and are always coupled with permanent

success. No one can stand before that wonderful statue, Napoleon in his chair dying, with the painting in the same hall (at Versailles) of Napoleon crowning first himself and then Josephine, looking down upon the dying Emperor, great even in death, without instinctively reading the lesson it teaches, and longing to call back the days of his consulship, that his end might be as magnificent as his unequalled qualities deserved. What is in store for France? No one, without the most careful examination and painstaking study for a much longer period than I could command, can express anything more than an opinion founded on general impressions. Such an opinion, however, if derived from a knowledge of present sentiment and compared with the history of events in the national life of France, may at least contain a grain of future fact. From the trial of Louis XIV, whose great, though cruel and selfish, reign of seventy-one years left France impoverished, the French nation has had a series of revolutions sufficient to demoralize any people. Though Louis XIV did penance for his sins, it was not an atonement which could place the starving subjects of his realm in a position of thrift. No atonement man can make can ever blot out or avert the consequences of his evil course. Had Louis XV adopted a truer course, and had he not been loaded by the evils of Louis XIV, which he threw into the shade by his own reign, France might then have been saved. But Louis XV, receiving as a legacy from his predecessor this needy and restless condition of the people, only increased it by his yet more cruel rule; and the unfortunate Louis XVI, with Marie Antoinette, unable to supply the angry demands of an infuriated populace, fell a martyr to their unrestrained revenge for wrongs inflicted upon them not by himself, but by his grandfather of three generations preceding. The revolution which followed brought with it all the fearful scenes which Robespierre, Marat and others could prepare, until, in 1798, Napoleon was declared first Consul, and, in 1802, he became Emperor. Banished to Elba in 1814, he broke his promise, and returned in 1815 to fight the battle which ended his career. Louis XVIII, who had fled from France on the return of Napoleon, being reinstated, reigned ten years, when he was succeeded by Charles X, who was in turn deprived of his throne by Louis Philippe of the Orleans party, whose reign of eighteen years was characterized by a splendid advance in literature and art, embellishing Paris with much which to-day makes her such a magnificent city. Widening her streets, repairing her monuments and the royal residences, converting the palace at Versailles into a gallery of art, surrounding Paris with a wall of defense and giving her an onward movement the benefit of which she has always felt, Louis Philippe was the restorer and repairer and embellisher of France. But his fate was sure, as had been that of his predecessors; and, driven out by the populace, he was succeeded by Napoleon III, who, after the republic of four years, by the *coup d'etat* of 1852, was declared Emperor. Napoleon III was a literary man of high attainments and scholarly habits. He came to the throne under a real, genuine sense of duty, though with an inward personal protest. He would have preferred to remain untroubled by the responsibilities of a kingdom, and only the feeling that he owed it to his name and to his son's name to take and hold France in this hour of her dire extremity induced him to leave the retirement of his study to assume the reins of government in the midst of a discordant, restless, revolutionary people. He did great things for Paris and for France, and we believe him to have been, as a general, statesman and an emperor, superior to his illustrious uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte. The war with the Germans, which ended at the decisive battle at Sedan, in 1871, was not of his seeking. He was forced to it by the increasing restlessness of the French. He entered upon that campaign knowing as well before as after its history had been recorded what the termination of the struggle would be. It cost him his crown, and France paid dearly for her caprice. When Napoleon III began his reign Paris had fallen back into a condition of decay, and in all the practical matters coincident with and essential to the best growth she was deplorably deficient. Napoleon III instituted and completed her present wonderful system of sewerage. He opened spaces in every portion of the city for gardens and public entertainments and walks and groves, for the poor as well as the rich. He guided her literary pursuits and led the people to love and to preserve all that would tend to beautify for the eye and to develop and expand for the intellectual culture of her citizens. But his time came at last, and Napoleon III and his beautiful and honored Empress (a real friend to France and a helpful wife to her husband) with their boy (a splendid fellow of the right type of manhood), stepped out of the spot they were so well fitted to adorn, and were sacrificed at the shrine of restlessness and revolution. The republic having lasted longer than was at first anticipated it seems to have little

hold upon the popular heart. Murmurs of discontent can be heard from every quarter, and though Paris may disappoint history and belie her past record by a sudden permanence in character and statesmanship, we doubt its ability or real intention to do so, and we look for another revolution when circumstances are ripe and the right man appears under whose banner France can rally. The death of the son of Napoleon III was a real grief to France, as we believe it was also a great loss to her. Were he living to-day the republic would not stand an hour, and one can hardly visit the palaces and read the history of preceding years without a feeling that, sooner or later, the mighty mandate of revolution will again substitute the throne for the presidential chair. Like a horse that has run away once, and thus becomes conscious of a vicious power unknown before, and so fascinating as to render another smash-up imminent at any moment, the French have tasted the fascinating influence of revolution once, and again, until peace seems, in all likelihood, to be only a temporary lull, and power to-day held for a transference to-morrow. Nevertheless, we hope for better things and brighter days for France. She ought to experience them, and America is in too great debt to France, in memory of 1776, to do other than pray and labor for her prosperity and greatness. She is a splendid nation, notwithstanding her restless, uneasy characteristics. Time is needed for all nations and for all individuals, and the cultivation of charity and fellowship as well.

"This fine old world of ours is but a child yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time To learn its limbs. There is a hand that guides." C. D. BARROWS.

Mrs. Lillie B. Hucksins.

This estimable lady was the wife of Dr. Payson T. Hucksins, and came with him from the old home in Bangor, Maine, to the new one in Los Angeles, only to hear on these far shores the Master's call to higher life. A little more than two years she was with us, yet in this brief time we were all enriched by her presence, and mark her vacant seat with a sense of loss. She had just passed her twenty-fifth birthday; she had been married but a few years and the whole round earth seemed to be blossoming and waiting for her, when lo! "she had another morn than ours." On the shore of the summer sea, in the cottage at Long Branch, where she had hoped to spend pleasant days, but where she found, as she said, "a beautiful place in which to die," she unloosed her "sandal shoon" and slipped into immortality. And for those who watched and waited and hoped, "the tender grace of a day that is dead" will never come back, and the sea will have for them an undertone of sadness which no summer revelry will dispel. In the old home she was closely identified with the missionary work of the church, and in the new she was the first to propose the organization of a missionary society which should be auxiliary to the Woman's Board of the Pacific. She was deeply interested in its success, and was the first treasurer.

So, too, she was identified with the Sunday-school, first as a member, then as a teacher. She conscientiously prepared for her class, securing the first waking hours of the Sabbath for study. She was timid and shrinking, but she so preached by her example to stronger and more aggressive natures the gospel of fidelity as to stimulate and incite to action. She could not be in the church and be an idler. Consecration to the Master meant fidelity to the Master's work.

Her character was transparent. The grace of the child was hers, without its weakness and immaturity; and something of the humility and unquestioning trust to which the best things are revealed was hers, also. How can we question but that the blessedness of the pure in heart is hers now? Skepticism is silent in the presence of such a life.

Safe-housed, beyond the region of the shadow and the storm, we would sing for her the hallowed psalm—

By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,
Joy for thee! happy friend; thy bark hath passed
The rough sea's foam.

Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd,
Home! home!

Thy peace is one, thy heart is filled,
Thou art gone home!

A. J. WELLS
Los Angeles, October 13, 1885.

W. C. T. U.

An earnest address was given by Rev. Mr. Pond at their gospel temperance meeting, on the 18th inst., in Grand Central Hall. Four hundred pages of literature were distributed. For the 25th inst., at 4 p. m., the Committee have secured the services of Professor S. P. Meade of the department of natural science in the High School at Oakland. The subject of temperance will be treated from a scientific standpoint on this occasion, for the first time in this series of meetings, and they hope to see a crowded house. Miss Pritchard and Mr. Coe will sing.

Cardinal McCloskey was buried October 15th with imposing ceremonies.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss Lucy M. Fay, 1812 Taylor Street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. Cole, 572 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. S. S. Smith, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco, Recording Secretary.
Mrs. H. E. Jewett, Foreign Secretary and Editor of "Column," Hopkins Academy, Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. J. H. Warren, 1526 Eddy St., San Francisco, and Mrs. I. E. Dwinell, Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland, Home Secretaries.

Twelfth Annual Report of the Recording Secretary.

This is our twelfth anniversary. For twelve years we have come together from our various churches to a common interest in this special work. It is a delightful privilege that we have thus enjoyed. And we who have thus had health, time and opportunity for this work have come for gratitude to-day. "Forget not all His benefits."

Our work has much in it beside the dry details of business—giving out so much for so much. It has the life-blood of the Christian heart in it. It enriches our own souls, and enkindles anew our love and enthusiasm for the salvation of the world. 'Tis but little we do, we sometimes say. Our meetings are not large, and, perchance, some are found to say, "not very interesting." But this is the seed-sowing that the Lord hath blest, and the results of which can only be fully known in that day when the results of all work shall be revealed. It may be a comfort, possibly a stimulus to future effort, to know that this Society, whose beginnings were in "the day of small things," has, during these twelve years, gathered in money over \$35,000 for the betterment of the condition of women in heathen lands. The spiritual harvest cannot be computed in dollars and cents. Much of this large sum has come in small sums, from scanty purses, sacredly set apart for this purpose.

Our monthly meetings have been held with about the same average attendance as in previous years—fifty, which is a slight increase from year to year. The average attendance the first year was eighteen.

ORGANIZATION.

There has been but little change save a slight increase in the number of auxiliaries. The report of the condition of these will be given in detail by our Home Secretary. Last year we placed upon record the fact of the engraving upon our "tree" of the Oregon and Washington branch. At that time this was more in anticipation than a fact accomplished. This year we are glad to report the maturity of this plan. The July number of THE PACIFIC contains Miss Fay's letter of greeting, called "The Tree to the Branch," and the reply, called "The First Fruits from Our Branch." These will show the heartiness with which these ladies entered into this work, and promptly assumed the partial support of our Mrs. Holbrook in Mapamulo, South Africa. Mrs. Holbrook, being a niece of Rev. Mr. Lyman of Forest Grove, gives a reality and definiteness to their plans. Through the efforts of our Home Secretary there has been a quickening of interest among the young people. To educate and stimulate those who are soon to be our successors in this work should be our aim. In February last this matter was especially considered in a paper prepared by Mrs. Dwinell. The plan of a State organization similar to ours, or the "Bridge-builders" of the Board of the Interior, has been discussed, and this afternoon the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board of the Pacific has been organized, and starts out on its mission of love and mercy. The young ladies' societies connected with the Board of the Interior were increased by this new organization from twenty to two hundred and seventeen, and their contributions from \$700 to \$7,000. May we anticipate a corresponding increase from this, our new and vigorous branch. To the young ladies themselves this will be a means of Christian culture and education for mind and heart, a lever to lift them above the trivialities of life into direct sympathy with the work for which our Saviour left the glories of heaven. To us this outlook will, like the plant in our gardens, be a proof of the vigor and life of the parent stock, and will take from us what we are enriched by the giving. Such is the arithmetic of spiritual growth. There is here no subtraction, only addition and multiplication. The special inspiration to this new movement has come from the impression made upon the young ladies from the consecration of one of their own number to the missionary life—Miss Effie Gunnison.

Some two years since we gathered for a farwell meeting to some three or four young lady missionaries. In the audience sat a quiet young lady, drinking in the inspiration of the hour, which proved to be not of the moment only, but a feeling, which deepened into a desire to go and do likewise, should the Lord call her. This desire ripened into a purpose at our tenth anniversary meeting at Santa Cruz. Accordingly, in March last, she offered herself to the Board at Boston, was accepted, and soon after received her appointment as a missionary teacher, destination not named. A unanimous wish was at once expressed that she should be adopted by our Board, whatever her destination, a decided preference, however, being for Japan. This feeling was deepened by a coincidence at this meeting, which seemed to us providential—that of Miss Starkweather's resignation of her position in the girls' school at Kyoto. A pleasant little incident came to us, also, at this March meeting, which was another interesting coincidence. A Jewish gentleman, a member of one of our churches, has had what has always seemed to us an unusually deep interest in our work. Among his gifts to us at this time was a plain gold band wedding ring, which had failed of its mission; and that it might not fail of any mission, it came to us on this eventful day. What more natural thought could suggest itself than that it should be presented to Miss Gunnison as her "engagement ring" to us. This was done, and a collection of \$7.80 taken up for its purchase, and for the words engraved upon it, and she will wear it as a symbol of the tender tie by which she is already bound to us. In accordance with our wishes Miss Gunnison was assigned to Japan, and as we became better acquainted with her we were more and more impressed with her fitness for this critical work. She has been a valued member of Bethany church, a teacher in the Irving Institute, has a gift for acquiring languages (an almost indispensable gift in a foreign missionary). She has musical talent, is modest and unobtrusive, and we feel that the faculty of adapting herself to her fellow-workers, and, above all, a consecrated heart to the Master's work, whatever it may be. She sailed, September 19th, on the *City of Peking*, and we hope soon to hear of her safe arrival. The ninety-first and the one hundred and twenty-first psalms have been the expression of our love and prayers for her, as she enters upon this, to her, new and untried field of labor. It was a source of deep regret that we must part with Miss Starkweather. There was something of the nature of a first love in our affection for her. Her work was appreciated by us, and her letters were a constant inspiration to us. Resolutions expressive of this love, of this regret and this appreciation, were sent her, and published in THE PACIFIC.

Miss Baldwin in our Broussa school has taken the place of Miss Rappleye on our list of appropriations. The progress and wonderful spiritual growth of this school is shown in Miss Baldwin's letters. Mrs. Sarah Holbrook in Mapamulo, South Africa, with whom we are becoming more and more acquainted, also looks to us for support. Mapamulo is the northernmost station in the Natal Mission, where many years of patient, self-denying labors have wrought such wonderful results.

In San Sebastian, Spain, we are interested in the school under the care of Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick. We call them "ours," both school and missionary, but we share with our sisters of the New Hampshire branch in the support of the school, and with the Andover and Woburn branch in Massachusetts in the possession of Mrs. Gulick. And so, what is our part of this work? Just what we do for any of our own under like circumstances—furnish the numerous things that come under the head of "supplies," like the "needful pins and cords" of the sacred tabernacle of old.

The fifth on our list is the *Morning Star*. "It will give Him the *Morning Star*." This was the motto in one of our churches on a *Morning Star* day, and may be used as the language of the thousands of children who made this beautiful offering "in his name." The long-cherished dream of many for a steam vessel has this year had its realization. Our fancy likes the picture of the white-winged ship, like a carrier-dove on its silver wings; but if not as beautiful, steam is more practical, more useful, more under our control. It will carry our precious treasures of men and money and supplies straight through the coral-reefed channels without curveting to this side and that, as our former *Stars* have done, to the imminent risk of lives and cargo. So went our *Morning Star* No. 3; and, while this new vessel retains the white wings for economy, that smoke-stack is a most assuring sight. But it costs—this steam—and money must be forthcoming for her running expenses, as she cannot avail herself of the gains of commerce. Her mission is to carry some few unknown missionary teachers from one little island to another. Unknown? "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." Is this said of any others? And we gladly bear our share in these expenses, and we care not for what the money goes, for coal in those dark bunkers, for oil for those great wheels, for food for those heated firemen—we care not; so that it speeds our vessel on its way, and brightens the faces of our exiled missionaries, who watch so eagerly for her coming.

These, then, are the objects for which we pray and labor, and which were assigned us last year by the American Board.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions, in advance, \$2.50 (which includes postage); if not paid within three months, \$3.00. Please examine the label on your paper, which tells the day of the month of the year to which you have paid; and if in arrears, do not wait to be notified, but remit promptly by Money Order, Registered Letter, Draft or Express to THE PACIFIC, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, S. F. P. O. Box 2348. If the paper comes irregularly, or badly printed or folded, send postal card to THE PACIFIC at once.

ZULU MISSION, SOUTH AFRICA.
Salary of Mrs. Holbrook.....\$450 00
BROUSSA, WESTERN TURKEY.
Female Seminary—aid.....\$374 00
Native teacher.....264 00
Service, fuel, etc.....193 60
Salary of Mrs. Baldwin.....396 00
Total.....\$1,227 50

KIOTO, JAPAN.
Salary of Miss Starkweather, now transferred to Miss Gunnison.....\$650 00
SAN SEBASTIAN, SPAIN.
Supplies for school under the care of Mrs. Gulick.....\$500 00
Running expenses of *Morning Star*.....500 00
Total amount pledged.....\$3,327 60
Our Treasurer will show how these pledges have been met.

OUR SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

These are many, varied and rich. It is sufficient only to name them, to call up the rich treasures of knowledge which these periodicals bring to us. The *Missionary Herald*, so dear to the older Christians, *Life and Light* for the women and young people, the *Mission Studies* for those who desire a connected history of our missions, the *Mission Day Spring* for Sunday-schools, are found in many homes. There are 323 copies of *Life and Light* taken on this Coast, against 268 last year, a gain of 75. In an educational point of view this missionary intelligence is invaluable. Here the question of the ages, "Watchman, what of the night?" is answered. "The morning cometh," also the promised day of Israel. In the Revised Version of the Old Testament the eleventh verse of the sixteenth psalm reads thus: "The Lord gave the Word; great was the company of women that published it." Is this a new revelation? A prophetic utterance which finds its fulfillment in this our day? How is it that scholars have hid it from us till now? Did David see in the company of women—singers in the service of Zion—the larger company that in every nation of the earth has published the "glad tidings" of which David knew but little? Well did John Robinson say, "There is yet more light to break out of God's Word."

We cannot close this report without an affectionate remembrance of Miss Fay, our esteemed President, from whom we were reluctantly compelled to part for a season. In a recent letter she says: "Present my heartfelt greetings to the Board, with my deep regret that I cannot be there to celebrate with you our twelfth birthday." And now there is before me, if not all, of us—

"Another year of service,
Of witness for his love;
Another year of training
For holier work above."

We have not reached our ideal. We still have our dreams of grand possibilities, of the beauty and success of such and such a plan. And these dreams are not idle fancies; they are the immortal soul's aspirations, like the ladder Jacob saw, "upon which, like those angels in that supernal vision, our prayers ascend to the very presence of God." And like the old patriarch, for this, the greatest work this world has ever seen, may we so wrestle with God in prayer that our names shall be transformed into Israel, for, "as a prince, thou hast power with God, and hast prevailed." Silver and gold we may not have in abundance, but this power is within the reach of every one of us. Can we withhold it, through indolence, forgetfulness or lack of faith, when we may claim the same promise made to Jacob: "I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." And I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." Jacob's vow made in this solemn presence may be suggestive to us on this our anniversary day. "This stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house, and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give a tenth unto thee."

J. C. SMITH,
Rec. Sec'y W. B. M. P.

Y. M. C. A.

The lunches last week under the auspices of the Ladies' Central Committee were a grand success. They were largely patronized for the five days, and the lunches pronounced very fine by all who were privileged to enjoy them. The Association has a host of excellent ladies on the central committees, who are alive to all the interests of the Association. The lunches were given for the special benefit of the ladies' department, and the money realized will be expended in that special branch. The fifth Annual State Convention opens in Napa this week, Thursday evening, and closes Sunday evening, the 25th. A large number of young men will be present from all sections of the State, from San Diego to Mendocino. We shall give a report of the convention next week.

The late Sir Moses Montefiore, whose liberality was so constantly manifested through his long life, according to a rabbi who well knew him, had frequently on his lips during the day, and in his dreams during the night, the words of Melchizedec: "The most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth, he is the possessor of all." He had the words, "possessor of all," engraved in Hebrew on a ring, which, like a signet, he wore on his finger.

A Review of Twenty-five Years—
A. B. C. F. M.

BY REV. N. G. CLARK, D.D., SENIOR FOREIGN SECRETARY.

[Presented at the Annual Meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., at Boston, Oct. 14, 1885.]

The remark often made that "institutions live while the men in charge of them give place to others" finds illustration in the records of this Board during the last twenty-five years. Of the 208 corporate members in 1860, as appears more fully in the report of the Home Department, only five active members remain; of the Prudential Committee but two out of twelve; of the executive officers—Secretaries, Editor, Treasurer—none; of the 166 missionaries, but fifty-two. Thus, the Board, by constant infusion of new blood, maintains its character as progressively conservative.

Did time permit, we would fain dwell on the work of some of these men—Secretaries and missionaries—entering so largely into the results to be reported at this anniversary—of Dr. Anderson, of lofty purpose and comprehensive plans, ever looking with confident expectation to the ultimate triumph of the missionary enterprise; of Mr. Treat, wise, prudent, far-sighted; of Dr. Wood, resuming labor in the foreign field, faithful to his first love; of Dr. Means, long enough in office to give proof of his singular thoroughness and self-sacrificing devotion; of Mr. Gordon, who, to the regret of all, was constrained to retire from the office of Treasurer; and of Mr. Worster, whose accuracy and carefulness as an editor was only equalled by the wisdom of his counsel.

How much of our missionary history gathers about the names of Bushnell and Lindley; of Goodell, Dwight, Schaubler and Schneider; of Spaulding, Poor, Scudder and Sanders; of Ballantine, Tracy and Capron; of Bridgman, Snow, Armstrong, Judd and Coan; of Worcester, Riggs and Williamson, not to speak of others no less worthy, who, through faith, have wrought righteousness, and obtained promises, and gained a good report, not as founders of States, but of new civilizations, through the gospel of Christ, among millions of their fellow-men.

Of the 166 missionaries on the roll, in 1860, fifty-two still remain, and have rendered an average service of 34.6 years; the eighty whose names are starred, 28.5 years, though seventeen of them lived in this country for years after retiring from the missionary work. The remaining thirty-four, so far as known, are still living, some in honored old age resting from their toils, some actively engaged in the ministry.

The last twenty-five years constitute one of the most eventful periods in history. It is a period remarkable for changes in the political world; for the abolition of slavery in the United States; for the unification of the scattered provinces of Italy in one united government; for the establishment of the German Empire as a leading power in Europe; for the overthrow of a corrupt empire and the establishment of a Republic in France; for important changes in the Ottoman Empire, releasing large provinces from the despotic rule and corrupting influences of Mohammedanism; for the remarkable development of commercial and educational interests among the two hundred and fifty millions of India; for the opening of China and, later, of Japan to the civilization of the West; and last, but not least, in its bearing on the political destiny of mankind, for the opening of Africa, and the establishment of a great Free State in the regions drained by the Congo. These political changes, affecting the welfare of so large a portion of the human race, are intimately connected with the progress and development of Christian civilization.

This period is hardly less remarkable for the development of missionary enterprise. The field open to effort has kept pace with these political changes. In 1860 China was practically closed to the gospel, save in the region of a few seaports. Six years later it had been so effectually opened by war and subsequent treaties that Dr. Blodget of Peking knew of nothing to hinder young men from going, two by two, to towns, cities and villages throughout the whole country, preaching the gospel and distributing the Word of God to the people. In this vast empire in which, forty-four years ago, there were known to be but six native Chinese Christians, and but five hundred in 1860, more than thirty missionary societies are now carrying the gospel to every province, and 26,000 converts enrolled in nearly 400 churches attest their success. During this same period Japan has welcomed one hundred and twenty missionaries, and taken rapid strides on the pathway of a Christian civilization. And last, and perhaps the most wonderful event in the records of the history of the Church, a hundred millions of the colored race in the heart of Africa have been taken under the protection of the great powers of the world and made accessible to Christian missions. In other fields in which the work had been begun, there has been such steady progress and growth as to have more than doubled—not to say quadrupled—the results realized twenty-five years ago.

The field of the American Board in 1860 embraced twenty-two missions. Its half-century had closed hopefully. The little group of eight, who composed the first missionary company, had been enlarged to 1,257, distributed through all portions of the globe. One hundred and sixty-two churches and 55,000 members, received on profession of their faith in Christ, bore witness to the presence and blessing of the Holy Spirit. There was good reason for observing the jubilee. The field then occupied has been changed by the close and transfer of thirteen different missions, including among others the mission to the Sandwich Islands, five missions to Indian tribes, and the Syrian,

Neestorian and Gaboon missions, transferred to the Presbyterian Board in 1870. In these missions from first to last had been gathered under our care not far from 60,000 followers of Christ, leaving in fields retained and still occupied by the Board 105 churches, with 3,539 members. Yet these losses in mission territory have been more than made up by the addition of four missions in Papal lands, two missions in Japan, and by the enlargement of work in China and Africa, till, as the result, the field now occupied is larger than that of twenty-five years ago.

But the greatest change has been not so much in fields occupied as in populations accessible to Christian effort. It was felt in 1860 that we were on the eve of great changes, and that the time was close at hand when barriers to missionary operations in all parts of the globe were to be removed, and that due preparation must be made. The few hundreds and thousands accessible at first were giving place to millions. Indeed, it has been estimated that the population accessible to the Board in 1860 was not less than ten millions, or sixty thousand to each ordained missionary. During the next ten years the accessible population increased at least threefold. The ten years following witnessed a still greater increase, till at the present time the population accessible to the missionaries of this Board, and actually dependent on it for the message of life, cannot be reckoned at less than one hundred millions. Such is the immense field practically dependent, not on all the Christian denominations of the country, but on the constituency of this American Board.

In the meanwhile, there has been but little increase in the missionary force in the field. The constituency at home was reduced in 1870 by the withdrawal of most of the New School Presbyterians, while the increase by the growth of the Congregational body has as yet hardly made up for the loss then experienced. The contributions to the treasury, however, were generously sustained, so that the work abroad has not suffered loss, though the receipts have not been so increased as to enable the Board to keep pace with the demands of the ever-enlarging field committed to its care. The number of ordained missionaries whose names appear on the roll, exclusive of those on the Sandwich Islands, is but eleven more than in 1860. The growth of the field, and the inadequate supply of men and means from this country, have led to some important changes in the methods pursued—so important as to be in some sense characteristic of the period under review.

In the first place, vigorous efforts have been made to inculcate just principles of self-support in the native churches, and to inspire in them a just sense of their responsibility for the progress of the gospel. The circumstances of the different fields are so varied that the same degree of progress has not been practicable in all the fields; but the Board can point to the results of its labors in this direction with no little satisfaction and hope. It is much that nearly one-half of the native churches are now self-supporting, that so many common schools are wholly sustained by the people, and that such large sums are received for board and tuition in colleges and other higher institutions. It is believed that in proportion to their means most of our native Christian brethren are doing their full part in this direction, and setting a worthy example of self-denial and consecration to Christ to Christians in more favored lands.

Another interesting feature of the foreign work during the past twenty-five years is the enlargement of work for women. The organization of a Woman's Board in connection with the American Board of Missions, in 1868, marks a new era in this important department. The Union Missionary Society of New York, instituted a few years earlier, had led the way, and shown the practicability of such organizations. But the Woman's Board of Missions was the first institution of its kind among the women of this land to take up and develop woman's work abroad in connection with an existing missionary society. The enlargement of operations in this branch of the service was in part to make up for the lack of ordained missionaries.

The American Board had not been neglectful of its opportunities in this direction, as its early missions among the Indians of this country had shown. It had sent abroad women to act as teachers, but the great work of woman for woman in all parts of the mission field was still waiting; and the success which has attended, not only the Woman's Board of Missions in connection with this American Board, but the impulse thereby given to similar organizations in connection with different missionary societies in this country and Europe, are evidences that the time had not only come for such a movement, but for a special divine blessing upon it.

In 1860 there were twenty-two women connected with the different missions of the Board. A few of the wives of missionaries were attempting as they had opportunity to do something for their sex, but no systematic work had been organized. At the present time there are 101 women connected with the different missions, in charge of forty seminaries, or engaged directly in what is known as field work. The number of young women enjoying the advantages of higher Christian education, under the immediate care of cultured women from this country amounts to nearly 1,700, while probably ten times as many more are reached in their homes by missionary ladies and by the large number of Bible-women working under their supervision.

A third characteristic of the period under review is the development of higher Christian education. There was need of such education to train pastors to take charge of churches, so as to relieve mis-

(Concluded on Fifth page.)

The New Surroundings of the Harvard "Annex."

"Know old Cambridge? Hope you do! Born there? Don't say so! I was, too."

"Born in a house with a gambrel roof. Standing still, if you must have proof." Unfortunately, the old house no longer marks the birthplace of Oliver Wendell Holmes; but, after a long career of usefulness, has yielded its place to the demands of Austin Hall, the new building of the Law School. Yet, from the vantage ground of the former site of the old Holmes house the best idea is formed of the relative positions of the new house of the "Annex" and the neighboring points of interest. From the Hemenway gymnasium, on the left, your glance can sweep over the "yard" and its "college red"; Harvard Square, with a perplexing procession of horse-cars; the First Parish church, where Dr. Holmes delivered his Phi Beta Kappa poem, and where, for many years, the Harvard commencement exercises were held; past, also, the old burying-ground, made interesting—nay, more, impressive and hallowed—by the names of many a patriot and scholar of the last two centuries; and past the old Christ church to the Fay house, now the building of the "Annex." On the right of the Holmes house, and skirting the Common, lies North avenue, the road over which Lord Percy led his troops to Lexington. It is across this Common, and half-hidden by the trees, that the Fay house is seen, just where Garden street bends in a shallow curve by the Shepard church and under the Washington elm. The old Concord turnpike has been christened anew, and here by the Common, is known as Garden street. A map of this region dated 1775 indicates that the old road over which Washington came on his first approach to Cambridge bent into the Concord turnpike and formed this corner on the land now devoted to these undreamed-of uses.

When the Washington elm was in its glory, the thick foliage on its spreading limbs must have shaded the Fay grounds. In those far-away days it witnessed, passionless, the mustering of the provincial troops on the adjacent common; the hurried passing of messengers with news for the anxious men of Concord (Arlington), Lexington and Menotomy. Beneath its shade, the gaily-dressed Tory dames, passing to "service" at Christ church, were eyed with distrust by the primly-dressed Puritan matrons on their way to "meeting." To-day the tree bears scarcely enough foliage to cover its maimed limbs, and is most suggestive of a veteran of the Revolution arrayed in his tattered uniform. The tablet which, long ago, was erected at his foot, bearing the inscription, "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army, July 3, 1775," will soon be a memorial of the departed.

On the Common, towards which the Fay house faces, an intrenchment was dug by the early settlers as a protection against the Indians, and here, at a later date, the flag of thirteen stripes was first unfurled. The tall spire of the Shepard church—church bears aloft a gilded cock—the faithful, a symbol of Peter's wavering resolutions; to the devotee of history, suggestive of revolutionary days. For many years this cock pointed the direction of the Boston winds—then, as now, too often from the east, we fear. It was taken from the old Brattle-Square church, in Boston, when that building was torn down, a dozen years ago, and placed in its present position. In grim contrast with this whirling, giddy cock, lay, embedded in the walls below, a cannon ball which was shot from the battery in Cambridge during the siege of Boston. Thus, many a suggestive theme for sophomore exercises may be found in the objects to be seen from the windows of the "Annex."

The Fay house is built in the style prevalent fifty or sixty years ago, and has been renovated, but not altered, since its purchase by the "Annex" authorities. It is built of brick, and painted light-brown, and stands a few rods back from both Garden and Mason streets. An ample lawn makes additional buildings a possibility of the future, and elms and beeches and a lilac hedge keep off the too inquisitive gaze of passers-by. The greatest length of the house is parallel with Garden street; cut off squarely at the Mason-street side, it ends at a semicircle, which is continued up the three stories. A narrow railing marks the change from perpendicular walls to the curves of the mansard roof. A veritable Boston "well-front" projects at the center of the building, through which is the main entrance. The hall bears on its walls a plaster cast of a section of the Pantheon procession, and over the entrance casts of twilight and dawn, designed by Michael Angelo for the tomb of Lorenzo di Medici. The room on the left of the entrance observes closely the laws of symmetry, outraged by the modern "Queen Anne" architect; and, curved by the exterior of all of the house on its eastern end, it projects with an equal arc into the hall on the western side. This is the reception-room, and very attractive it is, too.

The library will be placed in the room shaped like this, two floors above. This room will be both study and library, and will contain the files of periodicals which the enterprise of the students secured last year, as well as the 1,200 volumes which form the reference library. The advantages of the Harvard library, also, are enjoyed by the "Annex" students. The other rooms on this floor are appropriated to physics, chemistry and botany. One room is to be fitted up as a parlor, for the exclusive use of the students, and the rest of the house will be devoted to lecture-rooms. None of the students will live here.

Established in a building of its own, the "Annex" acquires a substantial appearance of prosperity, and emerges forever from that obscurity which veiled it

in its old location on Appian way. Old Cambridge residents can no longer be ignorant of the site of the "Annex," but will point, with pleasure, to the home of so honorable an offspring.

On notes, thoughtfully, the contrast between the founding of the Annex and its parent, Harvard College. No sense of injustice to their daughters rippled the mind or disturbed the conscience of the Puritan founders of Harvard. No fears for the well-being of the family and the community, endangered as they have been from the estrangement caused by educating the sons and repressing the mental activities of the daughters, by stimulating independence in the sons and dependence in the daughters, ruffled the serenity of those old wise-acres. Two hundred and fifty years have scarcely taught the full significance of the principle—equal opportunities and equal responsibilities for all.

Notwithstanding the progress which the existence of the "Annex" proves, Cambridge is still a stronghold of conservatism. The advance in the last two centuries has indeed been great, and is prophetic of dying prejudices and of a vigorous growth in the good, the true and the beautiful. KATHARINE PHILLIPS.

State Normal School.

SAN JOSE, CAL., September, 1885. On or about December 26, 1885, there will be issued a Memorial Pamphlet, containing the following matter: (1) A portrait of the late Professor Henry B. Norton; (2) the memorial services held in the Normal School building, San Jose, including a biographical sketch; (3) extracts from the memorial services held at Gilroy, at Emporia, Kan., and at the Chautauqua Assembly, Monterey; (4) the services at his burial on the Santa Cruz mountains; (5) resolutions of various bodies; (6) extracts from press notices; (7) extracts from letters. This will constitute a pamphlet of about one hundred pages. There has been an almost universal desire expressed by fellow-teachers, pupils and other friends of Professor Norton to do something in the way of indicating their appreciation of his beneficent work. A costly monument has been suggested; but in his will he expresses, in very strong language, his feelings respecting any expenditure of this kind. And while this indication of his wishes may be considered as binding only upon members of the family, yet it clearly shows what were his tastes and inclinations. Respecting these, and believing that the desire to do something may be turned into a useful channel, it is thought that a way is now opened. No one who devotes his life to the public, as Professor Norton did, has time to acquire much of this world's goods. He left a family of five children, two of them yet quite young. Would not a fund raised to educate these children be a monument more lasting, and far more fitting, than one built of brass or marble?

MEMORIAL FUND.

Following out this thought, it has been decided to publish a large edition of the Memorial Pamphlet, and to put the price at a sum that will realize a profit, with the full guarantee that every dollar received more than the actual cost of publication and delivery shall be sacredly devoted to the above purpose. The pamphlet will be issued in two forms, as follows: (1) In paper covers, with engraved portrait, price 50 cents; (2) bound in half-morocco, with photograph and autograph, price \$2.50. This will give those who wish to contribute to the Memorial Fund an opportunity to do so to any amount they may choose, by taking as many copies as they please; and it is believed that many will distribute copies to their friends, feeling sure that the memorial of such a life will not be studied in vain. It is proposed to have the pamphlet ready for delivery at the time of the meeting of the State Teachers' Association, in San Jose, in December, and those who can at that time take or send for their copies may add to the fund by saving to it the cost of delivery.

CHAS. H. ALLEN,
Principal Cal. State Normal School.
American Bible Society.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House, on Thursday, October 1st, 1885, the Hon. John Jay, Vice-President, in the chair. Letters were presented from various correspondents in foreign lands: From Rev. C. B. Newton, of Louisiana, announcing the transfer of Scriptures from the Mission Press to the Penjab Bible Society; from Rev. T. S. Smith, of the Ceylon Mission of the American Board; from Miss West, of the Central Turkey Mission; from Dr. Isaac G. Bliss, mentioning the baptism of a convert from Mohammedanism; from Mr. Loomis, about his proposed trip to Corea; from Mr. McKim, reporting success in the sale of Scriptures in Cuba; and from Mr. Prince, with cheering words of the results of colportage last summer between Irkutsk and Yakutsk. Grants and consignments of books for colportage and for sale and distribution in the United States and in foreign lands were made, to the value of about \$4,300. This includes 1,500 copies of the Ebon New Testament for the Marshall Islands. Funds were also granted to the amount of \$1,500, the same being a supplementary grant to the Russian Bible Society for colportage in Russia. It having been announced that intelligence had to day been received by cablegram of the death of Lord Shaftesbury, the President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Corresponding Secretaries were requested, on behalf of the Managers of this Society, to prepare and forward a letter of sympathy with the British and Foreign Bible Society, in their great bereavement. Two auxiliary societies were recognized in Dakota Territory, one in the State of Missouri, and one in Kansas. The total receipts for September were \$22,551.01. The number of volumes issued from the Bible House during the month was 60,989.

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NOBODY COMING TO-NIGHT.

In the glow of the western window,
Amber and opaline air
Flooding her link-white hair,
The dear old mother is sitting,
Watching the sunlight's flight;
Alone by the western window—
For nobody's coming to-night.

Crossing the level meadows,
Through the ricks of the fragrant hay,
Her neighbor is faring homeward,
After a toiling day.
A sweet little wife is waiting
With a kiss at the cottage door,
And the baby will toddle to meet him
Over the kitchen floor.

In the lane, with its vines a-tangle,
And its shadows like broken light,
A fair girl waits for her lover,
Who surely is coming to-night.
Her gown is a fleece of silver,
With ribbons of daintiest blue,
And her eyes are a color to match them,
So cloudless their violet hue.

The aged face at the window,
All graven with patient lines,
Takes note of the sweet girl's gladness,
Revealed by so many signs;
No envy her heart is stirring,
As the glimmer of the sunshine pales;
For her loved ones are safe in the city
Where never the glory fails.

Once there were little children
Who called her "mother"—ah, sweet!
This old house rang to the music
Of their merry, romping feet.
There was once a form beside her,
A face that never grew old;
Her own, in its manly beauty,
Her own, with its hair of gold.

Now, in the grass-grown churchyard,
And deep in the restless sea,
Are the dear ones who filled the homestead
With the sound of their boisterous glee!
Ah, me! it is very silent
To watch the far-away light,
As it melts in the starlit heavens,
When nobody's coming to-night.

By the bars of the western window,
By the key of the evening star,
Her thought clings up to the meaning
Of the beautiful gates afar.
There is a wonderful bliss awaiting
In the regions of shadowy light,
The soul that is peaceful and patient—
But nobody's coming to-night.

—Youth's Companion.

A Lesson in Fractions.

It was such a blow to me—such a bitter, overwhelming blow! I had been so comfortable and happy since the school-master had boarded with me. The big front chamber had been so grim and ghostly, always shut up and empty. It was our spare room when poor, dear Charley was alive; but now that I was a widow and poor, it was a needless luxury to keep a guest chamber. None of our old friends cared to visit me now; just when I needed them most, when I was lonely and sad and miserable, they refused to come. But when Mr. Slade took the room I didn't grieve about the loss of friends. It seemed odd to have money for the guest chamber, but the way that I was situated reconciled me to the thought very speedily, indeed.

Then when my boy Charley got into that scrape at school I should just have died if it had been anybody but Mr. Slade.

"Madam," he said, "your boy is mischievous—very mischievous."

"Yes, sir," I said, meekly.

"And to extend a rope in such a manner that the unconscious heels of his teacher shall be tripped up thereby; to fill the hat of his instructor with stones; to put wax upon the bench so that the tails of his coat may adhere to this substance and thus come to grief—all these things are very reprehensible, madam, and merit a condign punishment."

"Yes, sir," I replied, and wiped away my regretful tears, for I knew what was coming.

Either Charley would be expelled from the school or dreadfully beaten by this injured man. It was better to have him beaten than expelled, but either was horrible.

"Please don't expel him, Mr. Slade," I said. "He must be punished, of course; but please don't beat him very hard."

"I shall not beat him at all," he said. "Don't expel him," I entreated.

"Nor expel him," he replied. "If you'll leave the boy to me, there will be no further trouble. He has a good heart, and an open, generous, manly nature. I'll appeal to these, madam, if you'll allow me. I think we can get along with Charley if we take the right way."

"Oh, Mr. Slade," I said, "how noble you are! how generous! how magnanimous! I think heaven was good to send me such a boarder."

He grew a little red under my praise, and, as it was school time, bowed himself out; but really he looked like an archangel to me as he walked down the street. Of course the simile was absurd. He was tall and lean and ungainly; the tails of his long coat did not flap as gracefully as many another coat close by. Charley said he was knock-kneed; perhaps he was; I don't know what that term means. He might have been knock-kneed, but to me that day he was all that was desirable in man.

The way he managed Charley after that was miraculous; there is no other word for it. The boy was as wild and untamable as a young colt when Mr. Slade took hold of him, and shortly afterward he was the most tractable and orderly of mortals. I could see, though, the time and trouble it cost to work such wonders with him. In the spring they went fishing together, and Mr. Slade taught Charley how to manage his hook and line, and wheeled the poor little fish to his bait. In midsummer they got up a collection of beetles and bugs and all sorts of things. It was terrible to the poor insects, I suppose; but, oh, dear heaven! what a rest and comfort it was to have Charley amused and kept out of trouble.

I began to rest upon Mr. Slade; to

confide in him; to ask his advice, and invariably take it, upon all occasions; to gratefully take advantage of his knack in repairing things about the house, putting in order troublesome domestic utensils. He always put up the shades in house-cleaning time, and hung the pictures; and what I should have done without him that time the machine got out of order, heaven only knows. I had a dress to finish for Mrs. Chappel and was working away when, all at once, the machine began to squeak dreadfully. It was a rasping noise, fit to raise the hair on one's head, and mine had ached dreadfully all the morning. I oiled and fussed at it, but all to no purpose; it squeaked more and more. And, to crown all, the nice pumpkin pie I had made for Mr. Slade's luncheon was burned to a crisp. I smelled it and rushed to the stove, but too late. It was a black ruin and I sat down and cried over it. It seemed to me so sad and terrible I wanted to lie down and die when I walked Mr. Slade to his luncheon.

"It's no use coming in," I said; "I don't know how you can board here, any way, I am such a miserable housekeeper. It would be so much better if Charley and I were dead."

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Slade.

I felt ashamed when I saw the look of alarm in his face.

"It is very sad," I said, "to burn the crust of a nice pie all to a crisp."

"Do you think so?" said Mr. Slade.

"Now for me it is a most excellent mischance. Of all things in the world I revere the burned crust of a pie. I have hesitated to declare this predilection, because I know it is a remarkable one, and not at all likely to be shared by the majority of people; but fortune has favored me to-day. Mrs. Sweet, let us have the pie by all means!"

And he actually lifted the horrible black thing to the table, and ate it—yes, he ate it—which was the most graceful piece of martyrdom I ever saw in a man. And then I got courage to tell him how I burned it; that Mrs. Chappel must have that dress and the machine had begun to squeak in the most horrible way; that I'd oiled and fussed with it, all to no purpose, and how I was to finish that dress of Mrs. Chappel's with that dreadful noise distracting my poor brain, I didn't know.

"We'll look at it," he said, in that resting, comforting, soul-cheering way of his, and as I followed him into the sitting-room, I knew in my heart that he would exorcise that squeaking demon from the machine. And he did.

"It's the ball," he said; "it's become smooth from friction, and if you'll bring me a little flour or meal, Mrs. Sweet—stay! here is a piece of chalk, which is better than all."

And with that little white lump that he took from his waistcoat pocket, he made the machine perfect in five—in two—minutes.

Now, how could I help watching him from the door again, as he walked away to school; and let his coat-tails flap as they may, or be he knock-kneed to eternity, how could I help sending after him my heartiest benediction and blessing?

And can it be wondered at that, when only two or three months after, he told me he was going away, I was like one stunned and bewildered? We were sitting in the little front room, and I was finishing off that diagonal overskirt for Mrs. Chappel. Charley had gone hunting in the woods, for it was already autumn, and an early frost had set the leaves aflame. A breeze from the west blew my hair into my eyes, and I put it back with a trembling hand. The soft, warm day of golden light suddenly seemed to cloud over, and become one of moody sadness.

"I have an opportunity for advancement in my profession," he said, "which it would ill-behave me to put by. In my native town is offered me a position of trust and confidence—no less, I may say to you, dear madam, than a professor's chair."

I hadn't the least idea what he meant. I knew that one chair differed very much from another, and whereas one was comfortable, easy and enjoyable, another might be for the time being a seat of torture; but where a professor's chair excelled I could not at that time imagine. I sat quite still, and the ruffle fell from my hand; my foot rested upon the treads of the machine, and I sat and stared at Mr. Slade like one demented.

"And it has occurred to me," he went on, "that the position I have held here, which is an exceedingly easy and pleasant one, might profitably and suitably be filled by one of the other sex; the duties are not at all arduous and could be performed more readily, it appears to me, than those pertaining to the needle. I have spoken to the committee in your behalf, and with a little attention upon your part to the simple mechanical requirements necessary, and a little help upon mine, you will be ready to fill the position at once!"

"Who? I, Mr. Slade? Why, you must be crazy!"

Then, feeling that this was not a respectful way to speak, I added that his kindness for me had led him to overrate my capabilities.

"Why, Mr. Slade," said I, "I never got beyond the four first rules in arithmetic."

"And upon these depend everything," he replied. "Come, put by your work, and let us see what we can do in a first attempt."

It was of no use to refuse. His was one of those masterful natures that always conquer. Half an hour after I was sitting close by his side at the table, with Charley's slate under my blurred eyes and Charley's pencil in my trembling fingers. The rosy evening light streamed in upon us, the soft south wind bringing resinous odors through the window from the woods where Charley yet lingered.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Sweet," said Mr. Slade—and the very gentleness of his tone, the tender rendering of my name, made me shiver and shake; for I could not get the thought from my head that when he was gone there was nobody left to deal tenderly with me or mine—"now pray try and give your thoughts to the subject in hand. It is the simplest thing in the world; and these rudiments once conquered, the rest will follow. Now, a man sold his farm for \$8,730, and fourteen-fifteenths of this is seven-ninths of the cost of his house, and the house cost seven times as much as the store; now what was the cost of the house and the store?"

His voice was so persuasive, so distinct, it must have been a pleasant voice to listen to at school, even if the poor little blockheads could make neither head nor tail of his meaning. I looked at Mr. Slade, and then out of the window, where the mellow light of the sunset shone, and away over at the wooded hills beyond, and I thought how, such a little while ago, it was a spring landscape all bathed in tenderest green; and now it was autumn, the grass was sere and brown, the leaves falling, the branches like skeletons against the evening sky.

"Madam—my dear Mrs. Sweet," said the voice of the schoolmaster, "I beg your attention to these few first rules. It is distasteful to me to leave you a prey to the coarse habits of these village women, who flout their finery in an obtrusive and unbecoming manner, and grudge you the poor reward for your labor."

"She said the reams were crooked, and perhaps they were," I said; for I knew he meant Mrs. Chappel. "I am not very good at sewing, or anything." Then two big tears rolled out of my eyes upon Charley's slate, and blurred the schoolmaster's figures, which so distressed him that he got up and took a turn about the room. Then he came back to the table again.

"Dear Mrs. Sweet," he said, quite imploringly, "if you would only make up your mind to master these first rules! A man sold his farm for \$8,730—"

"And I'm sure he got a good price for it," I broke in; "and whatever he got for his house, it must have been all to his worth. As for his store, I don't want to know anything about it; I can't see that it's any of my business, Mr. Slade, and I can't bother with it just now. If it was a house alone, or a store alone, or a farm—but to cut them all up and put them together again like a patch-work quilt is impossible for me to think of, Mr. Slade. I can't do it, I never could, and its ridiculous to ask me such a thing, Mr. Slade. All I can do after you go away is to go on working for Mrs. Chappel till I drop dead; and if it wasn't for Charley, I wouldn't care how soon that would be."

Then I put my head down on the table and cried, ready to break my heart. I couldn't help it. I was the most wretched creature in the world, and my heart was full. I couldn't help the cry, and I'm glad now that I did not.

For suddenly I felt his strong arm tremble on the back of my chair.

"It is so sad and terrible," I said, "to have the reams always crooked, and Mrs. Chappel!"

"Confusion to Mrs. Chappel and her crooked seams! Tell me, madam—Mrs. Sweet—tell me, dear little heart, would it not even be better to give over your future to a grim old pedagogue like me? It shall at least be free from crooked seams and puzzling problems."

I heaved a sigh of relief and his strong arm felt sheltering about me.

"If heaven will vouchsafe to me," he said, getting back to his dear old wordy way, "your sweet companionship for all the days to come, I can even find it in my heart to be grateful to Mrs. Chappel, and wish her well."

I don't know what I said, but everybody knows that I never could see any fault in Mr. Slade, and I don't to this day. He fills his professor's chair, and I have ever so many comfortable ones at home. Charley is a splendid mathematician, but there is a little fellow just creeping into fractions, and he came to me the other day, his dear little brains sore and puzzling over that self-same sum.

"And please, mamma," he begged, "a man sold his farm for \$8,730 and fourteen-fifteenths of this is"—

"Go to papa, darling," I said; "he found out the cost of it long ago; but as for me, dear, I'm glad to say that I never could make it out—never."—Selected.

Double Wrong.

A church-member once said to her pastor: "When my afflictions came up I did not attend the church as we ought, and we were ashamed to ask you to come to us in our trouble. We were not able to pay the pew rent, and we were ashamed to come." How much mischief we inflict upon our own souls and Christ's cause by false pride! The church lost the pew rent, it is true; but this was her lightest loss. She lost the presence and helpfulness of two of her members, and they lost the joys of God's salvation. The humility that kept them away rested on the basis that one wrong compels another. The continued presence of these two members was of far more value to Christ and his Church than the twenty-five cents a week they had been paying. Their absence also involved a slander on the church. It could be justified only upon the assumption that the relation of church-members to the church is one of money alone. There were in every moment of their absence a dozen of members who would have been happier and better for the opportunity of paying that pew rent for the sake of the presence of two worthy members, and their presence would have encouraged the pastor. It would have been continuous testimony to the world of the preciousness of the Christian religion.—The Presbyterian.

Gleanings.

Of all commentaries upon the Scriptures, good examples are the best and the liveliest.

Love is like a painter, who, in drawing the portrait of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of the face.

Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it on another spirit.

When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay at night with us, and they would not find themselves out of their sphere.—Spurgeon.

When a man is manifestly successful in starting souls on the new life of Christianity you need not be greatly troubled if he makes a slip in syntax now and then.

Contempt is murder committed by the intellect, as hatred is murder committed by the heart. Charity, having life in itself, is the opposite and destroyer of contempt as well as of hatred.

It is doubtful if people would be so very much better or happier if they were all healthy and full fed, and able to read Homer in the original. It is grace, it is goodness, that makes life sweet.

To be something to God, is not that praise enough? To be a thing that God cares for, and would have complete for himself, because it is worth caring for, is not that life enough?—Unspoken Sermons.

If your purpose to lead a new life is not strong enough to make you willing to abandon associations that you know to be unfavorable to piety, you have need to make a new start on a better basis. This is the crucial point with you now.

In using the Bible in promoting any good cause, it should be treated fairly. There are men who zealously try to make it say what it does not say, the result being that they dishonor it, and injure what they seek to propagate.—United Presbyterian.

He is not afraid of your presumptuous approach to him. It is you who are afraid to come near him. He is not watching over his dignity. It is you who fear to be sent away, as the disciples would have sent away the little children.—Unspoken Sermons.

Lot was a typical character. He was a man who believed in religion, and was a person of wealth and influence. But he converted nobody. All his neighbors in Sodom and even his own family were lost. "But probably Mrs. Lot moved in the best society, and the Misses Lot went to the Sodom theater every night."—Moody.

The only way to really know God made us is to let God remake, regenerate us. The only way to be sure that God gave us our physical life is to let him give us the spiritual life, which shall declare for the physical life an adequate and worthy purpose. The only way to realize that we are God's children, is to let God lead us to our Father.—Phillips Brooks.

To know God as the beginning and end, the root and cause, the giver, the enabler, the love and joy and perfect good, the present, one existence in all things and degrees and conditions, is life. And faith in its simplest, truest, mightiest form is to do his will in the one thing revealing itself at the moment of duty.—Donald Grant.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a person's character.—Jeremy Taylor.

Knowledge is not a gift, but an acquired possession. It is not inherited, but is the fruit of industry. We cannot become the passive recipients of knowledge, but must earn it by persevering and unwearying toil. A mind that will not work hard for its own enrichment must remain poor, for neither houses nor lands nor legacies can supply it with knowledge.

At eventide it will be light. As the god man's evening comes on apace, and the darkness of the night approaches, he is not anxious or affrighted, for he sees beyond the gloom the light of a morning which will break into everlasting day. He knows he shall live again. The hope of this life of eternal youth and vigor reconciles him to the decaying life of the present.

He walks in the presence of God that converses with him in frequent prayer and communion; that runs to him with all his necessities; that asks counsel of him in his doubtings; that opens all his wants to him; that weeps before him for all his sins; that asks remedy and support for his weakness; that fears him as a judge, reverences him as a Lord, and obeys him as a father.—Jeremy Taylor.

The breath of God, blowing where it listeth, touches with its mystery of life the dead souls of men, bears them across the bridgeless gulf between the natural and spiritual, and endows them with its own high qualities, and develops within them these new and secret faculties, by which those who are born again are said to see the kingdom of God.—From Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World.

Hospitality generally pays for itself, as does every other virtue. Paul healed the sick man in the house of Publius, who had entertained him without hope of reward. Christ said to his disciples, "Into whatsoever house ye enter say, Peace be unto this house." How fully Paul met the spirit of this command! A faithful Christian is a blessing, a benediction of peace and healing, into whatever house or community he comes.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1885.

THE PACIFIC will be sent from this time to the first of January, 1887, to any address in the United States or British America, on the receipt of \$2.50.

Alleged Decline of Evangelical Churches—V.

Even when it is conceded that the numbers in the evangelical churches are steadily increasing, that the activity and devotion in missions are marked and productive, and that higher standards of morality and intelligence are maintained, still many people have an indefinite feeling that, after all, the old evangelical beliefs have lost their hold. The churches, it is said, still wear the same names they did fifty years ago, and for the most part are organized on the same doctrinal statements, but the people do not believe what is confessed; at least, they are very restless under the dogmas which they inherit. The increased numbers, then, represent a certain religious and social strength, but it is not the old evangelical strength. Now, the foundations on which churches called evangelical build are found in the facts communicated to us in the Scriptures, interpreted as a special divine revelation of grace to sinful man. The last fifty years have brought heavy guns to bear on the divinity of the Bible. Patient, minute and thorough research has tested the evidences of our faith as it was never tested before. Some positions of an extreme character—as, for example, that of an immediate divine dictation of the words of Scripture—are less generally held now than at some previous period. But faith in the facts of redemption, and in the Bible as faithfully giving those facts, is not weak. Certainly, take the Christian world through, it is not weaker than it used to be. Indeed, it seems to us the historical sense is clearer and more vivid. The persons and events of the biblical past stand out in sharper outline. For example, when was there a time when He who is the corner-stone, the Supreme Person of the world's history, was so prominent, and so distinct, and so real, as he is now? Why, even the ardent disbeliever almost makes the sign of the cross when he speaks his name.

As respects the suspicion that the actual creed of the churches falls short of that which is confessed, or, at least, embraces less points than that which was formerly taught, no doubt there is change. Change is everywhere going on in history. Some doctrines recede, and relatively are less prominent at one time than they were at another. But fifty years ago doctrinal disagreements were numerous and intense. We mention over such names as Lyman Beecher, Charles Hodge, Albert Barnes, Nathaniel W. Taylor, Leonard Woods, Bennett Tyler, Charles Wilbur Fisk, and in the rosy atmosphere which is given by the lapse of years, we reverence them as fathers of orthodoxy. But when we pass behind the indistinct veil of years, we see marked differences of opinion; so marked that two of them, at least—Beecher and Barnes—were tried for heresy, and this trial precipitated a division into sects, which only in our day has been healed. We have now congresses of the churches to see how nearly at one we are. Who shall say that these promise less for the truth than the controversies between New Haven and East Windsor in former days? There is just now, without question, less reverence for venerable and for exact definitions—less than is creditable to our good sense, it may be. The advance in other departments of knowledge seems to be demanding some new adjustments in the formulating of creeds. But there was never so much or so systematic study of the Bible. The cry of our time is not, "Back to Luther or Calvin," but, "Back to the pure Word of God." This is a healthy cry. No doubt after this will come also the reaction again, which will arise from the craving in the student for orderly statement and close definition. The outcome, let us hope, will be a more evangelical creed than ever. A venerable father in our Congregational Israel, Dr. Calvin E. Stowe, who has had occasion to observe widely the aspects of our eventful century, was lately asked what gave him the greatest satisfaction as he looked back over his lifetime. He replied: "The fact that the world is growing better, bad as it is." That answer is really a terse and fair summing up of what we judge regarding the alleged decline of

evangelical religion: The evangelical churches are growing stronger and better, weak and imperfect as they still are.

By this time the ministers and delegates have settled into their places again, and the reflex action of the General Association has begun. Those who were not at the meeting have heard or read about it, and all, no doubt, have been measurably inspired by it. But that inspiration should be only the enkindling of a fire for the divine breath to blow upon till it burst into celestial flame. The breath of morn is sweet, and the purple glow, and the crimson flush, and the golden glory of the dawn. But these are not ends in themselves; they can be reckoned as in themselves enough. They are but harbingers of the rising day; the shining dust of the mounting chariot-wheels of the triumphant sun. So the sweetness, inspiration and kindling of an auspicious week should be but the sign and prelude of a divine visitation, bringing to all fields of Christian endeavor a bright and burning succession of the blessed "days of the Son of Man."

A State election was held last week in Ohio for Governor, Legislature and other officers. Foraker, Republican, defeated by 12,000, in 1883, is elected Governor by 18,000 plurality. The Legislature is Republican by a small majority. Much interest gathers about the Prohibition vote, swelled, it is said, by Democrats who did not wish to vote with their party this time. The whole number of Prohibition votes will probably reach 25,000. The continuance of Hon. John Sherman in the United States Senate depends on this Legislature. It would be a calamity if he were to fail of an election, as he is one of the older, abler and more useful Senators, and an authority on financial questions. It is with pain that we read of frauds in Cincinnati, charged by each side upon its opponents. But because it is so, there is some assurance of a thorough investigation and a certain remedy. Let the guilty suffer, in whatever party found.

Last week the "Plymouth Brethren," whose organization is probably the least compact of any denomination on our shores, held their annual meeting at Woodbridge, on the Mokelumne river, near Lockeford, where the "Christian" denomination gathered and lived in tents for more than a week, late in September. We vividly recollect our first view of the fine bottom lands and umbrageous oaks of that part of the valley of the Mokelumne in 1850. If "the woods were God's first temples," then the Highest had foreordained that these people should worship there. But another has said and sung to us that the great Creator, "before all temples, doth prefer the upright heart and pure." And so the truest grandeur was not in those spreading oaks, but in the hearts carried there and lifted high above their tops. Let us hope that even the trees, as well as the Maker of them, taught the Plymouth Brethren some lessons of order, symmetry and beauty, as well as fineness of fibre, straightness of grain and general completeness of life, both individually and organically.

France has not been without an average degree of prosperity the past season, yet her people are in a state of no little unrest and dissatisfaction. This showed itself conspicuously in the election held a month ago, in which the Conservatives, or Monarchical party, made large gains in the number of members of the National Legislature, and succeeded in polling nearly as many votes as the Republicans. This was a surprise to many, but not to those who know the under-currents of feeling and life, strife and faction, in French society. However, the Republicans, by compromising their differences, can control legislation and administer the government, as heretofore. The "ultramontane" Romanists act and vote with the Monarchists, for fear of free principles generally, and of the Radicals in particular, who openly favor the dissolution of the union of Church and State, and other measures hostile to Romanism. The Protestant population is the life and soul of the Republic, without whose hearty support, and steadiness, and vigilance it could not last a day. That population constitutes the moderate part of the Republican host, and must be respected, if not obeyed. We hold it certain that to that relatively small part of the entire number of Frenchmen the destiny of France, as a Republic, is committed, as to no other. Were it thoroughly evangelical, no fears could arise. The religious world should pray for France and her Protestants.

Away in Burmah there is a sable monarch who is likely to lose the infatuation under which he labors, that "there is a divinity that doth hedge a king," do what he may. He has been senseless enough to refuse a British request, and

treat with indignity some of the representatives of the Queen. It is said that Thebaw expected the aid of France in his trenchant bout with the empire that overshadows India. But France is not happy over her Tonquin and other Oriental romances, and may not desire to become the champion of any living monarch in that quarter of the world, though he were even more lovely and accomplished than the one in question. The British are sending a small army of their Indian soldiers toward the borders of Burmah, and will demand of Thebaw his "money or his life"—that is, his humiliation or his kingdom, or both. The probability is that the stubborn chief will make such a stand that the British will impose a heavy fine on him and take his realm in possession for security. Should the fine never be paid, the land will remain a British possession. This would be no misfortune to the Burmese, as a people, and would be a gain for mankind in general, as all the interests dear to humanity and religion would be strengthened.

Some time ago a professor of philosophy made, in our columns, a not very complimentary reference to theologians, intimating that they were peculiarly apt to make allusions to philosophy without knowing very accurately about it. Theologians do not seem to be so benighted everywhere; for according to Professor Fairbairn, of England, they cannot afford to be. He is even so bold as to say: "The theologian cannot afford to be as ignorant of philosophy and science as a philosopher and scientist are of theology." We thought the whirligig of time would bring its revenge.

Owing to the press of matter this week, we are obliged to omit the conclusion of Secretary Clark's "Review of Twenty-five Years—A. B. C. F. M." (already in type) until next week.

Cost of Character.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

The most precious traits of character are not easily or cheaply acquired. They are not hereditary, or accidental, or won simply with a wish and a welcome. They come into our possession only at heavy personal cost. We often complain of the cost, regarding it as the exercise of Providential severity, not interpreting aright its intended issue, nor discerning the special fruit it is adapted to produce. So, we fail to appreciate the Divine goodness in causing us to suffer, and lose the reward proposed for our enriching.

How admirable the quality of *patience*—our hearts waiting, under some trying infliction, the hour of relief, taking calmly and without reproach the delay of our hope and the pressure of continued suffering and anguish! How can we make this virtue ours? Will it not come to us by our sitting in the sunshine or by the gratification of our ruling desires. Its very definition explains its origin and reveals its parentage. There must be some condition of body or of mind or of circumstances levying pain, or weariness or sorrow, taken up as a heavy burden and cheerfully borne so long as it pleases the Great Ruler—or the quality of patience can have no home in our spirit. The price of it is the suffering under which it is uncomplaining.

Nearly allied to it, and almost identical with it, is the virtue of *endurance*. It is a manly and heroic trait. But how is it inspired? Endure what—health, wealth, comfort, peace and prosperity? Nay, but their opposites—something that strains upon the nerves, and challenges the pluck and the courage. It is borne with labors of bodily or mental distress.

Submission is a sweet and fragrant Christian virtue. It wears a cheerful aspect under a clouded sky, and yields without chiding that which it has held among its chief treasures. This reveals its nature and cost. Submit to plenty, and enjoyment, and appreciation, and praise? Nay, but to undeserved blame, and self-denial, and abstinence from what we crave most keenly.

And how noble and generous a gift it is to be able to extend a genuine fraternal sympathy to those who are in distress, to mingle our tears with theirs, to take their hand with a pressure that declares the intensity of our fellow-feeling! But how can we have a fellow-feeling for a condition not one pang of which our souls or senses have known in our own experience? This ministry of sympathetic love is born of our acquaintance with practical sorrow, and purchased at no cheaper cost.

And what are the lessons of *wisdom* and prudence and carefulness but the teaching of errors and blunders and mistakes! And what gives us a just estimate of earthly good, of its frail and fleeting nature, and its disappointing ministration, but our experience of what it is—the testimony of our daily life? And how can we acquire the art of upright walking, lifting our feet over all obstacles, except by stumbling more than once, and feeling the severity of bruises as we fall?

I need not pursue this vein. Let us appreciate more keenly and fully the outlay by which we purchase the most stable and valuable traits of character, and under all such processes look up with quiet acquiescence and filial gratitude. Are you suffering, brother, sister, under the sharpness of any trial? It is for you the birth-hour and the nurture of all that is sweetest and most precious in character—your enriching in immortal wealth.

Down the Rhine.

From Wiesbaden a coach ride of a half-hour takes you to Biebrich, three miles below Mayence, on the Rhine, where you take the steamer for Cologne, one hundred and eighty miles distant. The passage is usually made in seven and one-half hours. At this season of the year the river is low, and smaller steamers are put on, taking ten and one-half hours to make the trip. We were somewhat disappointed with the river Rhine. It did not meet our expectations. It is not equal to our Hudson in width nor depth, nor do the passenger steamers which sail its waters compare at all favorably with the magnificent palaces which ply the Hudson; nor is the scenery along its banks equal to that which is often seen on some of our American rivers, if we may except the old castles located at different points, and the novelty of many of the quaint houses seen at the many towns, and the high, terraced vineyards which line the banks, many of which have twenty to thirty stone terraces, above each other, to hold the earth, so that the ground can hardly be seen, making it appear as though the vines were grown in stone pots instead of on the open land. The river at this season of the year is very shallow, not over three to five feet in depth. Many dredging machines are at work at different places between Mayence and Cologne. Our steamer, one of the smallest, had to often slack her speed when going over the shallow places. The steamer was not over twenty-five feet in width by one hundred and sixty feet in length, carrying about two hundred passengers and no freight. The river at Cologne, in the spring, averages twelve to fifteen feet in depth by fourteen hundred in width. It has risen, after an unusual freshet, as high as twenty-five feet, overflowing the farming sections and the lower portion of the city. At Coblenz and at Cologne it is crossed by boat bridges. At the latter place thirty-four boats are used to float the bridge. Three of those nearest the town are moved in and out of position so as to allow the passing of steamers. Gas engines are used for motive power.

We were especially attracted to the town of Bingen as we passed down the river—"Fair Bingen on the Rhine." How often in years past have we heard sweet children's voices singing of the dying soldier of the legion:

"Take a message and a token
To some distant friend of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,
Fair Bingen, on the Rhine."

This beautiful town of 7,000 inhabitants is situated on a series of vine-clad hills that slope down to the water's edge. A line of railroad runs on each bank of the river, often following it close to the water's edge, similar to the two roads that now run along the Hudson river.

COLOGNE.

During our stay at Cologne copious rains washed the streets and purified the air, so that the vile smells of "sweet-scented Cologne" did not annoy us; nor did we find it necessary to purchase the celebrated Cologne water manufactured here to counteract the unpleasant flavors which have so often disturbed other visitors. We were surprised at the narrowness of some of the principal business streets, where some of the finest retail stores are situated. Many of the sidewalks will not permit two to walk abreast, so that more people walk in the streets than on the walks. Our first object of interest was to visit the cathedral, situated within a block of the principal hotel. It is the most magnificent Gothic structure in the world. On the spot where the present cathedral stands stood the forum and temple of Mercury, and in the sixth century a church was there dedicated to St. Peter. This structure was much altered and enlarged, and in the thirteenth century was a handsome cathedral. It was destroyed by fire, and in 1248 the present structure was commenced. During the sixteenth century the northern aisle of the nave was completed, and in 1508 the stained glass windows, which still exist, were put in. From many causes the work was delayed for years, and it was not till 1880 that the cathedral was finished, being six hundred and thirty-two years after laying the first corner-stone. Its completion was celebrated with great pomp in the presence of Emperor William I of Germany, his consort, and members of the royal family. Its estimated cost has not been less than ten million dollars. Its length is 444 feet, the breadth 200 feet, height 201 feet. The height of the towers is 525 feet, whilst St. Peter's at Rome is but 476 feet, and St. Paul's at London 365 feet. It is built all of stone, and the exterior statues and decorations are very numerous and beautiful. There are over eight hundred stone statues which adorn the doorways and other portions of the exterior of the building. Probably there is no other structure in the world so richly and legitimately decorated, which makes such an impression of grandeur upon the mind of the beholder. The interior of the building, with its many beautiful columns and richly stained-glass windows, was greatly admired. We were shown the treasury, which contains large quantities of valuables. The shrine of the magi is magnificent, a marvelous specimen of goldsmith work, containing in its decoration many precious stones. In it are exposed to view the skulls of the magi. They are said to have been brought from Constantinople in 324. We were shown links of the chain that bound St. Peter in prison, the head or knob of his staff, thorns taken from the crown that pierced our Saviour's brow, wood from the cross on which Christ was crucified, and other wonderful relics, all of which we believed with more than the ordinary grains of allowance. There are so many wonderful relics of the past to be seen in the churches that it would not at all surprise me if yet I were shown seeds from the apple which fell from the tree bearing the forbidden fruit, or a portion

of the club with which Abel was slain, or nails which fastened the shingles on the roof of the ark. Possibly, I would have doubts of the latter, as I have observed in Switzerland so many shingles held to the roofs of houses by simply being laid on, then a pole laid over them, and a large stone laid upon that to hold them all down, which I would consider the primitive mode of covering roofs, and would have answered for the ark, provided the waters were smooth.

As mentioned in my first letter, the Cunard steamer *Etruria* was destined to make the fastest run across the Atlantic of any vessel. This she has since accomplished. The quickest passage heretofore was made by the *Oregon* in May, 1884, in six days, ten hours and ten minutes. The *Etruria* on the last two trips has made the run in six days nine hours, and six days six hours and thirty-eight minutes. Twenty years ago the average time was from nine to ten days.

The Late Meeting of the General Association at Berkeley.

The meeting was excellent in every way. It was so good that it raises queries as to some points, in respect to which it may be possible to make others better.

1. Would it not be better to give a full morning hour to the devotional services, instead of half an hour? Does not the interest that rises during the first half-hour need the second for its culmination? Would it not be well to depend upon this service more than we do for the fruitage of the meetings?

2. Could we not devise some other method of getting the "reports from the churches"? Not to make them less prominent, or put them by at all, but to shorten and condense them. The number of churches seems to have become too great to be fairly reported, by our present method, which was well enough in time past. Suppose that individual churches be asked to report in detail at the next preceding Conference to which they belong, and that the Conference appoint some one to put down and arrange the facts, in brief, and report them to the General Association. As to younger churches, or those not yet belonging to any Conference, the home missionary Superintendent might be asked to report them. And to give opportunity to the Association to get all desired additional information as to particular cases, it might be in order to ask questions, briefly, as the reading proceeds. It might possibly be worth while to have these condensed statements coming from the Conferences, on printed slips, and in the hands of all, that, as the reading goes on, the additional information could be quickly brought out and noted; could we not, in some such way, do the work under this head in half the time we use now, and do it better?

3. Ought we not to make a place for the consideration of foreign missions? As we are growing older and abler, ought we not to enter into this work more systematically? The Woman's Board of Missions has done and is doing a noble work among us in this cause, and some of our churches contribute to the funds of the American Board. But can we not, as a body of churches throughout the State, do more, and advance in the work year by year? Can we not get the facts more generally before our people, through the *Missionary Herald* and otherwise, and so be moved with them to a larger interest in missions? To this end ought there not to be at least an hour given to a paper, address, or discussion of the subject every year, with a deliberate and adequate consideration of our duty in respect to it? Ought we not, somehow, to recast our programme so as to let this subject in?

Letter from Colfax.

Colfax, W. T., is comparatively a new town, and is situated in the midst of a very rich farming country. During the last two years it has been the terminus of a branch railroad built from the Northern Pacific, but this fall the road has just been completed to Moscow, twenty-five miles east of Colfax. Our town grows steadily; at present we have about 1,200 inhabitants, and much business is being done here for a town of this size. Between 600 and 800 loads of wheat come in here daily, this fall, the Sabbath excepted.

There is much good moral force in our town. The saloons are plenty, but do not rule; they are closed every Sabbath, and a large portion of our people attend divine worship on the Sabbath. All the churches are doing well here. Good Christian people are in earnest for the Master's work. Our own church (Congregational) is prosperous; five united with us last Sabbath, all heads of families. This makes fifty-six since a year ago. There were ninety-five present at Sunday-school last Sabbath. We organized a "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor" two years ago last August, and we believe it has done a great deal of good to the young people. It is well attended, as a rule; there were over forty present last Monday evening, and it is nothing uncommon to see sixty or seventy-five at these meetings. We believe that our church is called upon to do much work in this county. Our polity is liked, and fields are inviting us on every hand. We need more energetic ministers here.

A RESIDENT.

When the Jubilee Fund was proposed to be raised in the Congregational churches of Great Britain, the committee agreed to give the Welsh churches \$50,000 a year for five years, if the Welsh should raise the same amount yearly. Three years have passed, and our Welsh brethren have already raised \$310,000. This fund is used to reduce chapel debts.

The Board of Examiners have voted to purchase the site for the new Insane Asylum at Agnew's Station, paying therefor \$55,000; the vote was 2 to 1.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

In Southern California.

REV. J. T. FORD.

Southern California, with a territory as large as the six New England States, has but fourteen Congregational churches—one church to about 4,500 square miles—so that if the territory were equally divided to the churches, each church would have a field nearly as large as the State of Connecticut. These fourteen churches have 810 members in a population of more than 125,000—about one church member of our communion to every 150 souls. If ours were the only churches in the field we might well say, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

I am confident—though exact statistics on this point are not easily gathered—that many more than 810 persons have come thither, as members in good standing of Congregational churches beyond the Rocky mountains, and that our churches, with all their ingathering of members, have fallen far short of the number that should naturally have come to them by letter alone from the East.

Of our fourteen churches eleven receive home missionary aid; only three have attained the liberty of self-support. Three churches have been organized since our last annual meeting—Ontario, Third Los Angeles and Vernon.

The eleven home missionary churches have received within the year 120 members—one hundred by letter; only twenty on profession of faith. We regard it as no unimportant work that one hundred of the scattered members of distant churches have been gathered in—saved to Christian fellowship and activities. We are glad and thankful that twenty have been brought in from the world. We are sad that there have been no more. When we endeavor to take note of the results of our church work for a single year the growth seems small, but looking back over a succession of years, we find much to encourage us.

Since 1880, the number of inhabitants in Southern California is believed to have doubled. The relative increase of our churches has been greater. We had six churches in 1880. Eight have been added since that time.

On my first visit to Los Angeles, ten years ago, I found only four church buildings for Protestant worship; now there are twenty. Then the average attendance on Protestant religious services was said to be not more than 300 from a population of ten or twelve thousand; now the average attendance is believed to be ten times three hundred, though the population has hardly trebled. Then the influence of public sentiment in almost every community was unfavorable to church-going. The new-comer who went to church was told: "You'll get over that before you've been here long"; and the saying too often proved itself true. Now we have reached the point when the tide is turning. The prevailing tendency is setting toward church-going. The inveterate godlessness of the people is giving way. The almost universal skepticism concerning soul-salvation is vanishing. We begin to hear the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees that bids us bestir ourselves, for the Lord will go out before us. In one thing, especially, the Lord has favored us. The immigration of these last five years has been largely a Christian immigration. Many choice sons of the kingdom have come to declare among the people the Lord reigneth. Some new communities are made up almost wholly of Christian families.

The work is opening to us as never before. The immigration of the past year has sought new places and cheap lands. About 1,000 Government locations are said to have been made in San Diego county alone. Colony projects multiply. Lands are successfully occupied, which, a few years since, were considered worthless. The California Southern Railroad, connecting the A. & P. R. R. with the harbor of San Diego, and completing a new transcontinental route, is attracting attention to lands heretofore supposed to be condemned to perpetual desolation. This road is to be finished before November 1st.

And now we hear it, on every hand, that the coming season is to bring such an immigration as we have never before seen. We hear it from excursion managers, from railroad superintendents, from real estate agents, from almost every man who has correspondence with friends at the East. Here is an emergency. How shall it be met? We have already made some preparation for it in our home mission work, in that we have thirteen preaching stations where no churches have yet been formed. Rev. H. M. Daniels preaches regularly at four stations along the California Southern, between San Bernardino and San Diego, at De Luz, Fall Brook, Oceanside and Vista.

Until June last, Brother D. McCann was accustomed to preach at four different stations along the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, on the Mojave Desert, principally at the prosperous mining town of Calico. Since he left that work, no one has been found to take his place. The remaining five stations are missions carried on by pastors or churches, in addition to their home work—a method that should so commend itself to all our churches that none of them shall be content to live childless, but seek to plant other churches, in whose growth and prosperity they may rejoice.

To the successful prosecution of our work we have many needs. The Park church and Third church of Los Angeles have unfinished chapels—more shells—

with bare, rough timbers overhead. They propose to finish these edifices, and this is most needful to the success of their work. The Highland, Vernon and Ontario churches should build immediately. But all the five need help, either directly from the churches or from the Congregational Union. They cannot build without help. They need the encouragement that help will come to them, or they will not dare to begin. But they must begin, or their work will go backward; and the help must come.

We need, also, a faithful, self-sacrificing minister to take up our work in the mining region along the Atlantic & Pacific Road. No one has preached there since June. It is our work, begun by us, and left to us by others. It would be hard to find a people who need the gospel more than the thousands who gather about the mines at Calico. The preacher would be welcomed, and would receive a large part of his support from the field. But it is hard to find the man who is suited to the work, and, at the same time, willing to undertake it. We need an itinerant minister for scattered thousands of settlers in San Diego county who have no village centers, but will welcome the preacher to their houses and go far to hear him at the schoolhouse. We need a missionary for each of the three counties of San Luis Obispo, Kern and Inyo, in neither of which is there a Congregational church. We need money to aid in the support of all these. We need an academy to grow into a college—to educate our youth for Christ. We need, especially, the endowment of power from on high to quicken us to prayer and labor and sacrifice, and make the work of our churches mighty for the salvation of men.

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

The Congregational Monday Club met this week in its new place of meeting, the parlor of the First Church, corner of Post and Mason streets. There was a large attendance. Rev. C. M. Blake presented the subject for consideration, "The Alleged Abuse of the Pardon Power." Some queries about "Future Probation" will be the subject of the Club next Monday. Prof. Dwinell will present it.

Rev. R. L. Tabor, temporarily supplying the pulpit of the First Church, in this city, preached an excellent sermon last Sabbath morning, on "The Heroic and Victorious Struggle of the Christian Life."

The annual home missionary sermon at Plymouth Church, this city, was preached last Sunday morning by pastor Noble, who also administered the ordinance of baptism.

"The Heavenly Father's Protecting Care" was the theme on which Rev. Dr. Beckwith preached to the juveniles at the Third Church. To the adults, he preached a second discourse on "Naaman in the House of Rimmon." "Building on the Sand" was the evening topic.

"Ye are the light of the world" was Rev. Herbert Macy's text in Green-street Church. At night he lectured on "The New Revision."

Pastor Pond of Bethany Church preached to the young folks on "The Benefit of Connection with the Church of Christ." To the adults his subject was "Glorious Things are Spoken of Thee, O Zion, City of God." At night he gave the sixteenth discourse on the "Confession of Faith," taking up the special theme, "The Communion of Saints."

"The Whole Armory of God" was the subject presented by Rev. Joseph Rowell at the Mariners' Church. The evening text was, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Three conversions were reported.

"The Zeal of Jehu—Its Deficiencies," was the theme on which Rev. Dr. McLean preached at the First Church in Oakland. Five children were baptized. At night a very good meeting of the Society of Christian Endeavor was held, when about 100 of the 120 present spoke briefly. The pastor's evening sermon was on "The Mistakes of Non-Church-Goers."

"Come unto us, and we will do thee good" was Dr. Moor's text at Plymouth-avenue Church, Oakland.

"The True Ground of Coming to Christ," was Pastor Frear's theme at West Oakland. There was quite a large meeting of the young people at night.

Rev. W. W. Scudder addressed his largest audience in the Alameda Church last Sabbath morning. On Sunday evenings, he is giving a course of lectures on the Life of Peter. The special theme on Sunday evening was "Peter, the Rock."

"Infant Baptism" was the subject of discourse at Berkeley, by pastor Savage, who also baptized three children—among them his own little baby boy. The Sunday-school on that day, was the largest on record in its history. "The Life and Character of Jehu" was the subject in the evening.

Rev. Dr. Holbrook preached at San Lorenzo on John vi: 45-46, or "God's Methods of Drawing Men to Christ."

"Human Agencies in Securing the Salvation of Souls" and "The History of a Noble Life as Illustrated by Caleb" were the subjects of discourse at Crockett last Sabbath. Deacon Edwards has been re-elected Superintendent of the Sunday-school, J. O. March, elected Assistant Superintendent and Chorister, Miss Adams Secretary and Treasurer, and Miss Edwards Assistant Treasurer.

Houghton Church, W. T., received on October 4th four young men to its fellowship. Several others are applying and will come later. Pastor Green preached from Luke xxi: 31-32, "What results

from the sifting;" and in the evening, I Cor. xv: 57, "Thanksgiving for victory."

The Sailors' Woman's Christian Temperance Union asks donations of literature for its work among seamen. Books, magazines or newspapers, of a religious, scientific, or general character, will be gladly received. Please address Secretary Sailors' W. C. T. U., Mariners' Free Reading-room, corner of Drumm and Sacramento streets.

The First Church Sunday-school, Oakland, is among the ten making the largest contributions for the building of the new Morning Star—\$206.25 is the amount given by this school.

Rev. T. E. Tippet has gone to Calaveras county for Christian work.

Rev. A. Ostergren, on account of ill health, has been compelled to resign his pastoral work at Murphy's and in Calaveras county generally.

Rev. E. F. Dinsmore has gone to Little Shasta for missionary labor.

Rev. Mr. Bickford, recently from Colorado, preached at Park Church, Berkeley, again last Sabbath.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

PRESBYTERIAN.—At the last communion there was an addition to Big Valley Church, also to Shiloh Church, Sonoma county. Rev. H. L. Harris pastor of both churches. Rev. Joseph Hemphill has presented his resignation as pastor of Woodbridge Church in this city. Twenty-six new members were added to Howard Church at the last communion. We are very sorry to learn that Rev. R. Mackenzie of this city is very sick with typhoid fever.

METHODIST.—Dr. H. Cox has been warmly welcomed at San Luis Obispo, where he is now ministering. Rev. C. Leach and wife, entering upon their third year at Santa Maria, have been surprised with music, refreshments and provisions.

BAPTIST.—The fifth annual session of the Central Baptist Association, recently held in this city, was largely attended. The general outlook is far more hopeful than for some years past. The Sacramento River Association has held its annual meeting at Maxwell. The prospects are good, and Rev. C. C. Bateman has been elected missionary to labor in the bounds of the Association. Rev. Dr. Nesbet of Santa Barbara has resigned his pastorate.

EPISCOPAL.—The work moves on in Fresno. There are now 100 communicants there. Rev. A. B. Spaight is encouraged in his efforts at San Luis Obispo. Rev. Dr. Mansfield late of St. Mary's School, Benicia, has taken charge of St. Andrew's Church, Chicago. Rev. A. D. Drummond has recently taken charge of the Healdsburg Mission.

Tacoma.

The Scandinavian Congregational Church are pushing the erection of their new chapel. It is to be 24x42, Gothic, unpretentious, and will cost about \$800 to \$900. The pastor confidently expects to hold services in it by Sunday, October 25th. At present his congregation gathers in the building of the First Church. The attendance averages from fifty to seventy-five.

At present Tacoma is considerably agitated over the Chinese question. A certain portion of its citizens have said, and reiterated, that the Chinese must go. There is a certainty and an uncertainty about this anti-Chinese faction; it is pretty certain that the most prominent ones in the movement are the very ones whom Tacoma would be glad to see going and gone forever from its limits; and it is very uncertain how many of the better portion of the citizens are in sympathy with the movement. Saturday night, October 3d, was the occasion of what was to be a grand demonstration against the Chinese. The torchlight procession was so puny and hoodlum in its make-up that the grand demonstration became very ridiculous and very much of an argument against the whole movement. About 300 men were in line, and it was estimated that every "bum" and and barroom loafer was enlisted for the occasion. The Mayor, whether because he wants a re-election, or because he is as much a hoodlum at heart as any, has joined hand to hand with the persecutors of the Chinese. He was Moderator of the Anti-Chinese Convention held in Seattle. That convention passed resolutions urging upon all communities to menace the Chinese and prepare to drive them from the Territory. The crusade has not yet reached the point of bloodshed, but violence is held out in one hand as the only alternative, if the Chinese do not arise and depart. It is about time that the Chinese should be given the protection of our national Government in such a way as to put a quietus to all this un-American persecution of a people who are here by treaty-right and by law.

A Chautauque Circle has been formed, of twenty members, with the pastor of the First Church for President, and Mrs. Turrell as Secretary. The meetings are to be held in the basement of the church. The young people are taking considerable interest in this work.

Chaplain Stubbs, in charge of the Bethel work in Portland, occupied the First Church pulpit on Sunday, October 4th, and gave a very vivid description of his work, and the need of such work as the Seamen's Friend Society is doing. He expects to secure an abandoned ship lying in the harbor, and to fit it up for a chapel and reading-room for seamen. There is a great need of this work on Puget Sound.

W. R. Thomas has been appointed Chief of Police in Oakland. A most excellent choice. We are sure, from long acquaintance, that his work will be well and honestly done.

Report of the Upper Columbia Association.

The Upper Columbia Association, embracing the Congregational churches of Eastern Oregon and Washington, convened at Walla Walla, October 6, 1885, and continued in session two days. Dr. G. H. Atkinson of Portland was chosen Chairman, and Rev. O. W. Lucas of Pendleton, Clerk. The morning and afternoon sessions were opened with devotional exercises, and the evening sessions with a service of song.

The "Address of Welcome" was given by Dr. A. J. Anderson of Whitman College.

The "Opening Sermon" was by Rev. H. S. Mills (late of Forest Grove), from the words, "Overcome evil with good." The narrative of the state of religion in the churches was given by the several pastors and delegates, revealing a good degree of prosperity among the churches.

The "Sunday-school work" was presented by Deacon G. R. Andrus of Cheney and Rev. J. B. Renshaw of Spokane Falls, and was further discussed by other members of the Association, emphasizing particularly the importance of the Sunday-school in destitute places as a means of preparing the way for the Church.

The "Work of the Sunday-school Publishing Society" was also presented by Deacon Andrus, the agent of that Society in Eastern Washington.

The "Band of Hope Work" was presented in a paper by Mrs. O. W. Lucas of Pendleton, showing the importance of this work as a complement to the Sunday-school work.

A report of the Walla Walla Band of Hope was also given by Miss Hill, the Superintendent.

"Are Revivals Desirable, and How May They Be Secured?" was the subject of a paper by Rev. O. W. Lucas, which was further discussed by the Association.

"The Importance of Enlisting Church Members, Especially the Young, in Evangelistic Work," was presented by Rev. Ezra Haskell of Walla Walla, and discussed by others.

A report of Whitman College was given by Dr. A. J. Anderson.

The closing session was devoted to a "Pentecostal service," at which addresses were given by Father Eells and Dr. Atkinson, followed by the sacrament.

On Wednesday morning, the Association, by invitation of President Anderson, attended the chapel exercises of Whitman College, at which Father Eells and Dr. Atkinson made short addresses to the students.

Of the resolutions passed by the Association, the following are the most important:

"In view of the extended report of President A. J. Anderson before this Association, and as a result of our own observations and inquiries, be it

Resolved, That we recognize in Whitman College an institution of great present usefulness, and one full of promise for the future of Christian education in this inland empire.

Resolved, That we recommend Whitman College to the people of our churches as a school to which they may wisely and safely send their sons and daughters for instruction, and that we commend it to them as an institution to be cherished, and bespeak for it their warm sympathy and hearty support."

H. S. MILLS, G. R. ANDRUS, J. B. RENSRAW, Com.

Dr. Atkinson presented the following resolution:

"WHEREAS, The Sabbath-school has proved to be a means of Sabbath observance and Christian instruction, and

"WHEREAS, Its permanence depends largely upon the organic union of Christians in the place;

Resolved, That it is the duty of the Sabbath-school Agent to urge this liberty and responsibility upon the disciples of Christ in every place."

A resolution was also passed indorsing the petition now being circulated by the ladies of the W. C. T. U., urging upon the Legislature of Washington Territory the necessity of providing for temperance instruction in the public schools.

The next meeting of the Association is to be held at Colfax, W. T., on the 5th and 6th of April, 1886.

O. W. Lucas, Clerk.

Christian Growth.

BY REV. E. C. OAKLEY.

(Concluded.)

[This conclusion should have appeared last week, but on account of the General Association report we had to omit until now.]

The second essential in physical growth is assimilation. In the digestive process, after the food has been masticated and otherwise fitted for entrance into the physical system as component of it, there is performed a work of converting the nutriment into the solid or fluid substance of the body. It is the mystery of the whole process of digestion. The food is taken into the mouth and fitted for the stomach; it is further acted upon and modified, preparing for introduction into the vital being of the creature. But it is not yet of the body—in the body, but not of it, as the Christian is in the world, but not of it. The food needs a special appropriation before it fully enters into the body, as a part of it. And until that appropriation, it is a foreign substance, as though it had never been masticated and swallowed. And until that appropriation, it has no power of satisfying the hunger, which arises from "the tendency to growth." The food must be converted into blood before it enters fully into the system. It then follows naturally and reasonably that in order to have healthy and normal growth there must be, besides the right kind of food in right measure, a healthy and normal assimilation of the nutriment offered to the system. If

this reception of nutrition by the blood-vessels is sluggish, weak, unreliable, it evidently is impossible that the person whose system is thus ineffective should have good health or natural development. Probably this defect lies at the bottom of many diseases, and is the primary physical cause of many deaths. There are some marked cases where the absorption is so weak and ineffective that medicines of great strength are unable to produce any change at all in the system. In any instance where the assimilation is abnormal, whatever food is put into the body cannot profit the body, and, ultimately, it is weakening rather than strengthening.

For the Christian as much as for the grown child, a normal assimilation of food is essential to healthy growth. If the disciple of Christ feeds on the spiritual manna, but never assimilates it, where is health, where is development? The Scriptures are, without question, rich, nutritious food. There lies in them vitilizing power. They may be received as food into the mind, till it contain a princely feast of good things. But until they are normally assimilated into the life, so as to become component parts of the Christian living, they are useless, they are of no profit, they are irritating causes rather than means of strength. They become a serious incubus, because he who knows his duty and does it not brings upon himself greater condemnation. "That servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes." Just as assimilation is essential to the growth of the child, so growth in grace must depend largely upon the absorption and appropriation into the spiritual being of such food for the soul as is offered in God's Word. And a righteous appropriation of such food will bring about a strong, reliable, good health and development of Christian character.

It is on this account that Jesus speaks of the man, "who heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them," as like the man "which built his house upon a rock"; for that man must have a strong, rugged, and firmly-fixed character, which shall not be shaken or shattered by all the gusts and whirlwinds of temptation, and which shall be like a solid rock against the floods of evil on all sides. The man who built on the sand is like the one who hears equally as well and as much, but who does not incorporate it into his life. He takes as much food, but does not assimilate it. And his weakness lay in the failure to make a part of his spiritual life, the truth which entered his mind. "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."

It is possible that human life can exist on the strength of these two essentials—food and assimilation. But a true and well-rounded-out development demands one thing more, and that is activity. A right supply of food and a healthy assimilation may furnish the brain with brain-making and brain-repairing elements, and the nerves with nerve-making and nerve-repairing elements, and so on, but normal growth needs exercise. There may be on hand all that is necessary for the making of a strong, well-balanced brain, but brain development requires exercise. Study is as vital to a mighty brain as fish food. At the best, it must be but a flabby, easily-exhausted muscle that has no exercise, even though the body be otherwise healthy, and the eating and appropriation of food be in accordance with the laws of nature.

The growing boy needs activity as much as he needs food. He is a restless creature, a regular romp. He goes with a dash; he seldom walks. Why? Because he ought to put in motion and almost incessantly kept in motion every muscle and fibre of his being. He is a student, withal. He studies deep into mysterious matters. You cannot answer all of his questions; you do well if you answer some. You see his face very serious, very wise, very thoughtful; his brain needs such action, and he is working it. If this lad is to develop into a full manhood, complete so far as the physical system is thought of, there must be systematic development of all parts by exercise.

It is wonderful what can be accomplished by systematic effort in strengthening the muscle, memory, nerve-sensitiveness, the hearing, the seeing, and, in fact, any power or faculty or part of the human system. And it is likewise wonderful how any such part may be weakened and dwarfed by non-employment. It is a law that there is no normal growth without judicious exercise. And the analogy holds true again with the Christian in his spiritual being. Growing in grace surely needs spiritual food, and it surely needs assimilation of such food. But does it not as surely need spiritual activity? Given the food, given a normal appropriation of it, there is nothing so develops faith and increases it as Christian work. True, humble, devoted activity for Christ augments hope and love, and brings them to their maturity. No Christian can thrive and flourish without such exercise. It is a sickly and precarious life that does not work. And as in physical life, the best exercise is systematic and planned; so, in spiritual development, the best results will come from systematic, rather than spasmodic, work. Sidney Smith has this suggestive language, which contains a great deal of wisdom: "When you rise in the morning determine that you will make some person happy during the day. It is easily done. If you are young, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, it will help to smooth the road down to the bottom of the hill. By the most simple arithmetical calculation, look at the result. Suppose you live forty years after you commence this course of medicine, and you make one person a little happier than they would have been every day—that is, 365 days in the year—which, multiplied by forty, amounts to 14,600 persons which you have made

happier, at all events, for a time." But there is another calculation much more wonderful in its results. Whatever a Christian does for Christ in one-fold comes to him in a hundred-fold blessing. Fourteen thousand six hundred persons blessed for Christ's sake in a life-time means a most marvelous Christian growth. Such systematic effort has prodigious results. What a protection against many of life's temptations will such unselfish employment give the Christian? His very busying is a safe-guard, "for the devil tempts a busy man, but the idle man tempts the devil himself." Such work is essential to the truest Christian character. Such work, premeditated and faithfully performed, makes spiritual muscle, makes earnest faith, and produces a robust, rosy-cheeked, full-lifed, vital Christianity.

And these three essentials of Christian growth are close at hand, easy of application, and more blessed in their fruitage than it lies in human language to express. Tacoma, Washington Ty.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 12, 1885.

Members of Congress and retired statesmen who reside in Washington are coming back slowly, as the time for the Congressional session approaches. It will be six weeks before Congress assembles, but where will a more interesting or attractive place for spending the interim be found than in Washington.

There never was such a demand as at present for fashionable boarding places, and furnished houses renting at \$150 or \$250 a month. Every one of the apartment houses is full, and in the Portland there has not been a room to rent since the first of September. At the Hamilton House, with its two large annexes, temporary accommodations can be obtained, but every room is already engaged from the first of December. At the real estate agencies the only furnished houses to be had are the very expensive ones or those which are held at exorbitant rentals. In the agents' advertisements still appear houses that were leased long ago, and their cards still hang in the windows of some that are already disposed of, but people who are hunting quarters find it very discouraging work.

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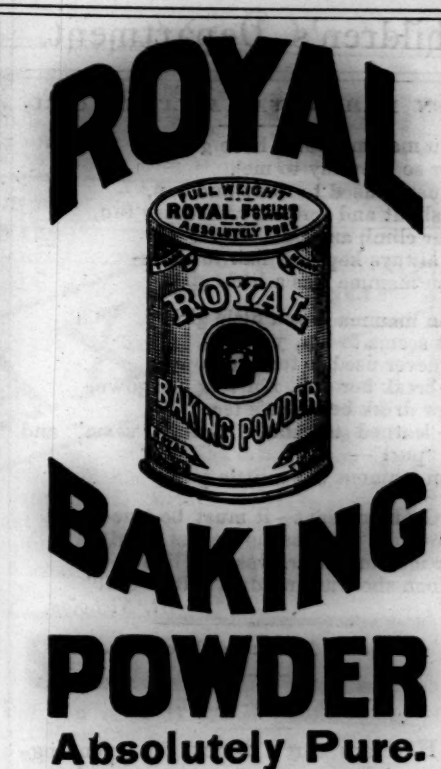
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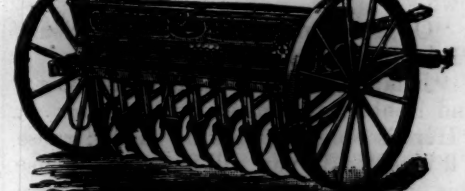
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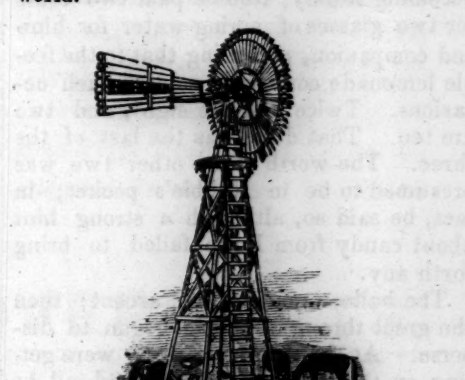
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Children's Department.

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

When mamma was a little girl
(Or so they say to me),
She never used to romp and run,
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an apple-tree,
She always kept her hair in curl—
When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl
(It seems to her, you see),
She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
Nor drink her papa's tea,
She learned to knit, "plain," "seam" and
"purl"—
When mamma was a little girl.

But Grandma says—it must be true—
"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!
Your mamma, dear, was just like you
When she was grandma's little girl!"
—St. Nicholas.

Little Men and Women.

THOSE SNAP-CRACKERS.

"Here are three times for spending-money. Do not forget, my son, that a pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled. Your little sister will have a rather dull afternoon, with you away in town seeing the fine sights of a Fourth of July."

Robbie Owen quite understood this intimation of his mother, as she brushed his jacket and settled his blue cravat over the clean collar. Laura stood admiring her brother more than attending to their mother's words; and indeed Mrs. Owen's reason for not speaking plainer was because her hint was for the boy only.

Mr. Brown, their next neighbor, was going to the city for a half-holiday, and offered to look after Robert.

"There comes Mr. Brown," Robbie, in some excitement, kissed his mother and Laura, and ran to join the man and walk with him to the station. His ticket to go and return was in his small portemonnaie, along with the three dimes.

Among the crowd that left the train with Mr. Brown and Robbie Owen, at Boston, was Luke Paine, a schoolmate of Robbie, older than he. Luke saw them first, and came jostling up to them, eating peanuts, and he at once gave two or three to Robbie. The boys had never been exactly friends, for Luke was that kind of a bullying chap that younger boys are apt to be shy of, much too fond of using his might against another's right. On this beautiful Independence Day, however, none could seem more friendly than he.

On the way to the Common, Luke persuaded Robbie to drop Mr. Brown and take him for company; they would go everywhere, and take the first train after the balloon ascension. Now he gave Robbie a taste of lozenges, and told him he had fifty cents to spend.

"How much money have you?" to Robbie.

Robbie told him, and added, "Whatever I buy I mean to carry home and share it with my sister, who, you know, is too little to come to the Fourth in town."

"Oh, she!" returned his new friend, "I don't take stock in girls."
"I take stock in Laura, anyhow," and Robbie said this as if he meant it. "Here is some nice-looking candy; guess I'll invest. If you will be at our house this evening, Laura and I will give you a treat."

While he stopped at a stand to make his purchase, Luke turned away and amused himself with a Punch and Judy show. Robbie soon came up, squeezing a package into his pocket, and the two started to take a near look into the State House on Beacon Hill, with its gilded dome and its flaggally waving, proclaiming freedom far and wide.

It turned out that Luke had spent half his money allowance before reaching the city, and that his return ticket was to come out of the other half, so that he had few pennies to spend. Robbie bought two fine oranges at four cents apiece, giving Luke his choice of them; these they ate sitting on the grass in a shady place and watching the balloon, that was being filled with gas, bobbing and struggling under the many cords that bound it to the ground. Afterward, becoming thirsty, Robbie paid two cents for two glasses of spring-water for him- and companion, preferring that to the feeble lemonade commonly sold on such occasions. Twice four are eight, and two are ten. That time was the last of the three. The worth of the other two was presumed to be in Robbie's pocket; in fact, he said so, although a strong hint about candy from Luke failed to bring forth any.

The balloon made a fine ascent; then the great throng of people began to disperse. At the station so many were getting on the train that Robbie had all he could do to force his way up the steps, and when there, to keep from being pushed down again. All the seats were taken, and the boys, with many men and women, stood in the aisle when the train moved out of the depot and put on steam. Presently, as Robbie wanted his handkerchief to wipe his sweaty forehead, he missed a package that he was so carefully carrying home.

"Got pushed out of your pocket in the crowd," was Luke's only remark when the loss was made known.

The other did not believe that could have happened.

"Comes of being so stingy with your old candy," said Luke, seeing that no more was to be gained by pretended friendliness.

Robbie made no reply, but the truth was that it was another package which had been lost; the dime's worth of candy for Laura was still safe, and that was some comfort to her brother. Seeing Mr. Brown in the car, he began to consider that he ought to have kept with him, as his mother had expected him to. Then, he would have been taken care of him in the crowd, and probably would not have lost the package. At the same

time Luke eloped his right-side pocket, and, turning the left to Robbie, made a show of stuffing his fist into that, to prove there was nothing wrong, though the other had not accused him, even in thought.

As the train drew up at the first station, a lady close by Robbie said to him—

"You look tired, my little fellow; take my seat; I leave the car here."

But no sooner had she risen than Robbie's companion, giving him a jerk of the shoulder, threw himself past and into the vacant seat. Such an explosion as followed! Women screamed, and Luke Paine yelled, as he jumped nearly to the roof of the cars. The lost fire-crackers had come to light. Luke's surprise equaled his pain; he didn't know he was loaded.

Luke's misery was increased by seeing acquaintances gather from all parts of the car; he just revealed the whole story by blaming Robbie for buying crackers and letting it be supposed it was candy. More than the hip pocket had been sacrificed; but then, it was the patriotic, the glorious Fourth. That boy had time for reflection before he was able to take another holiday, and it was a wonder that the consequences had not been worse.—Selected.

The Power of Kindness.

The power of kindness over animals has been frequently shown, but never more clearly than in the instance given by a correspondent of the New York Ledger:

"One of the most thrilling scenes ever witnessed in the amphitheater at Cadiz transpired in the autumn of 1871. It will be understood that the really thrilling scenes on such occasions are not of blood. Blood is too common a thing at a bull-fight for rivers of it, be it brute or human, to thrill the ordinary audience. Notice had been posted on all the public places that on a certain day the bull called 'El Moro' (the Moor) would be introduced into the arena, and that when he should have been goaded to the uttermost fury a young girl would appear and reduce the animal to quiet subjection. The people of Cadiz had heard of 'El Moro' as the most magnificent bull ever brought into the city, and it soon became known that the girl thus advertised to appear in so strange and daring a part was a peasant girl of Espara, who had petted the bull and fed it and cared for it during the years of its growth. On the appointed day, as might be expected, the vast amphitheater was filled to overflowing with an anxious, eager crowd. Bulls had been killed and dragged away, and then the flourish of trumpets announced the coming of the hero of the day. With a deep terrific roar 'El Moro' entered upon the scene. He was truly magnificent—a bovine monarch—black and glossy, with eyes of fire, dilating nostrils and wicked-looking horns. The picadors attacked him warily, and hurled their banderillos (small dart-like javelins, ornamented with ribbons, and intended to goad and infuriate). The bull had killed three horses off-hand, and had received eight banderillos in his neck and shoulders, when, upon a given signal, the picadors and matadores suddenly withdrew, leaving the infuriated beast alone in his wild paroxysm of wrath. Presently a soft, musical note, like the piping of a lark, was heard, and directly afterward a girl, not more than fifteen years of age, with the tasteful garb of an Andalusian peasant, and with a pretty face, sprang lightly into the arena, approaching the bull fearlessly, at the same time calling his name, 'Moro! Moro! Ya voy!'

"At the first sound of the sweet voice the animal had ceased his fury and turned toward the place whence it came, and when he saw the girl he plainly manifested pleasure. She came to his head and put forth her hand, which he licked with his tongue. Then she sang a low, sweet song, at the same time caressing the animal by patting him on the forehead, and while she sang the suffering monarch kneeled at her feet. Then she stooped and gently removed the cruel banderillos, after which, with her arms around 'El Moro's' neck, she led him toward the gate of the torril."

Progress in Madagascar.

The Norwegian, as well as the English Protestant missions, are well prospered in the interior of Madagascar, the country now so outrageously treated by France. The Norwegian schools show a gain of 20,000 pupils, the total number being 33,642, with an average attendance of 30,000. The churches have gained 1,111 by baptism, besides 136 accessories from the London Mission, thus returning a total increase of 1,247. At Betafo, the oldest of the fifteen stations, 466 persons have been baptised. Three native-born pastors have been ordained. The mission on the west coast of the island, with its two stations of Morondawa and Tullear, has not been seriously disturbed by the troubles of the country. The schools at Morondawa have sixty pupils, and five persons have been baptised. The political troubles are more seriously felt at Tullear, which is situated outside of the Hova kingdom, and in the territory of the Sakalaven king, Lahimorisa.—Ex.

A little boy went to his mother with a broken arrow, and begged her to mend it for him. It was a very beautiful arrow, and the delight of his heart, so his mother was not surprised when she saw his quivering lip and the tears in his eyes. "I'll try to mend it, darling," she said, "but I am afraid it will be impossible." He watched her anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully, "Never mind, mamma, if you cannot fix it, I'll be just as happy without it." Who will try this week to imitate that little boy, and, if troubles come, make up his mind to bear them bravely and cheerfully? Will you?

The Right Decision.

Concerning a young man's first visit to a large city, and of his temptations to "see life" while there, the following account is given in the *Youth's Companion*:

Arriving at the city Saturday night, he went to one of the principal hotels, registered his name carefully, reading it over after the manner of unaccustomed travelers, and went to supper. Before he had finished, the waiter brought him two letters.

"Already! Why, they are from the city! Nobody knows I am here!" he exclaimed.

"City folks mighty wide awake!" ejaculated John.

Our traveler tore open one envelope. Within was an invitation to a variety theater of bad reputation, that evening, with a hint of a "sacred concert" on the next day, and "unlimited fun."

The young man's face reddened, and his heart throbbed hotly. The door was open for that secret glimpse in iniquity! What harm could it do him, or anybody? He opened the other letter. It contained a few words:

"Dear Sir: In order that you may not pass a lonely Sunday in a strange city, we inclose a list of the churches open tomorrow near your hotel, in any of which you will be cordially welcomed. Our rooms and libraries are also open and at your disposal. You will find friends there who will be glad to serve you."

It was signed by an officer of a Christian Association. "These invitations of both kinds are left at the hotel, and directed to each guest as soon as he registers his name," explained the clerk. "Which will you accept?"

The young countryman colored and laughed. "The first is tempting; but that," touching the second, "has the true ring about it. I'll accept that."

He kept his word. It seemed to him as if he was close to his wife and little boy all day. Going to the hotel in the evening he saw a group of pale, bloated creatures coming out of the "sacred concert hall." One or two of them were arrested for disorderly conduct.

"They have been 'seeing life,'" said the clerk. "They accepted the other invitation."

The stranger looked after them. "I very nearly stood in their place," he said to himself, and went to his room a wiser and a humbler man.

A Detective in Embryo.

Colored people generally have very acute perceptions in regard to everything pertaining to water-melons, and Sambo had evidently made a study of the methods of those who eat this juicy delicacy, else he could not so quickly have brought the thief to justice.

A colored man came out of an alley on Michigan avenue yesterday, and inquired of the grocer on the corner:

"Say, boss, has you had a water-melion stole away to-day?"

"Why, I declare if some one hasn't stolen a big one which laid on the end of this shelf!" exclaimed the grocer.

"Did you see a white man an' a cull'd feller hangin' round yere?"

"Come to think of it, I did."

"Dem ar' de chaps dat stole dat melion."

"Did you see them?" asked the grocer.

"Nebber did, sah."

"Then how do you know?"

The colored man took him down the alley, and showed him two heaps of melon rinds, and exclaimed:

"If de melion wasn't dun stole, nobody would come in heap to eat it. Dat pile of rinds hain't half-gnawed. Dat's just the way white folks eat 'em. De odder pile am gnawed right down to de bark. Dat's de work of a cull'd man, an' don't you forget it. Down dar am a rind all alone. De chaps got scart an' run'd away afore dey was dun."

"Say, maybe you are sharp enough to catch 'em," said the grocer.

"Wall, I dunno," was the reply. But in the course of half an hour the man brought in a hang-dog-looking African, and turned him over with the remark:

"Heah's one ob dem, but de odder has skipped."

"How do you know that this fellow is guilty?"

"Kase I dun looked for a darkey wid a melion seed on his shirt-bosom, an' heah he am. He's dun guilty, and has got thirty-five cents to settle wid yeh."

The grocer says he'll have that man on the detective force.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Small Out-Door Fernery.

There are but very few small gardens in the cities or in the rural districts where an opportunity does not exist for the making of a pretty hardy fernery. The north end of the dwelling house or barn may be turned to good account. If the surroundings prevent the use of such locations, a space behind the bushes, between them and the boundary fence, will be found useful. Send a tiny, winding walk by one of the larger bushes into one of these neglected spots, and let the walk emerge at another convenient point. In selecting the position protection must be afforded from cold, blustering wind, and shade sufficient to break the direct, burning rays of the sun. The free-growing and larger species of ferns will grow in any fresh, turfy soil, with an admixture of sandstone grit and small stones. All silly or elaborate attempts at rockery-making are unnecessary. All that is required is a rich, sandy loam, well mixed with the materials mentioned above. When they commence to grow after planting, daily sprinklings with tepid water are beneficial, adding, as they do, considerably to the freshness, health and beauty of the young fronds.—*Vick's Magazine for October*.

It is good for us to keep some account of our prayers, that we may not unbury them in our practice.—*Henry*.

The Unfinished Prayer.

"Now I lay"—say it, darling!
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.
"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head dropped low:
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added—
"You can say it all, I know."
"Pray the Lord"—she words came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep."
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.
But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly murmured:
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."
Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

Why He Reformed.

There was a drunkard in an Arkansas town who became a sober man through a kind Providence granting him what Burns longed for:

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!"

One day several acquaintances, on asking him to drink, were surprised to hear him say, "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I can't drink anything." To their question "What is the matter with you," he said:

"I'll tell you. The other day I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train. To a man of my temperament, to be half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more to drink. Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half-pint of whisky at home, which had been purchased for medical purposes. Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence, I saw my little son and daughter playing.

"Now, you be ma,' said the boy, and I'll be pa. Now, you sit here and I'll come home drunk. Wait, now, till I find my bottle."

"He took a bottle, ran away and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and, entering the play-house, nodded idiotically at the little girl, and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said:

"James, why will you do this way?"

"Whizzer way?" he replied.

"Getting drunk."

"Whose drunk?"

"You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged, an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?"

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing all day but those children playing in the garden, and I vowed I would not take another drink, and I will not."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Coca.

The coca leaf, when chewed, is a powerful stimulant to the nervous system, of the nature of opium, but less violent and more lasting in its action. Bernays says: "There is so much concurrent testimony as to place beyond doubt the fact that the moderate use of coca leaves as a masticatory enables fatigue to be endured with less distress and with less nourishment. Markham says that he chewed coca very frequently, and, besides the agreeable, soothing feeling produced, he found that he could endure long abstinence from food with less inconvenience than he would otherwise have felt; and it enabled him to ascend precipitous mountain sides with a feeling of lightness and elasticity, and without losing breath. To the Peruvian Indian coca is a solace which affords enjoyment, and has a most beneficial effect." Quoting from the same authority: "The incredible fatigue, says Von Tschudi, endured by the Peruvian infantry, with very spare diet, but with the regular use of coca, and the laborious toils of the Indian miner kept up under similar circumstances throughout a long series of years, certainly afford sufficient ground for attributing to the coca leaves not a quality of mere temporary stimulus, but a powerful nutritive principle."

But the excessive use of coca is well known to be injurious, and the unsteady gait, the yellow-colored skin, the dim, sunken eyes, the quivering lips and general apathy are the indications of the inveterate coca-chewer. It is, however, considered the least injurious of all narcotics in use, and in the higher regions of the Andes its effects are less marked than in warmer and damper districts.

As a palliative agent in the hands of a skillful physician, cocaine is capable of greatly alleviating human suffering, and its use in this manner will henceforth be widely extended.—*Vick's Magazine for October*.

A New Use for Toads.

The latest and most ingenious way of getting rid of roaches and water bugs we have heard of is related of a citizen of Schenectady whose kitchen was infested with them.

A servant, hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hop toads, and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water bug, it is stated, can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that there is no objection to their presence.

Another use for toads is to employ them for insect destroyers in the garden. They are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which it is well known can in a single night destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, etc. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night millions of insects that escape the pursuit of nocturnal birds, and might commit incalculable havoc on buds and young shoots of the vine. In Paris toads are an article of merchandise. They are kept in tubs, and sold at the rate of two francs a dozen.

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Miscellany.

Weeds in the Corners.

The wheat was cut and the corn laid by. The ricks in the stack-yard towered high. The tall hay-shed and the deep barn bay. Were filled with the richest, choicest hay. The cows stood full knee-deep in the creek. Laid, contented, fat and sleek. The stubble shone brightly as cloth of gold. The well-trimmed hedges were fair to behold. And everywhere far as the eye could see. The farm was tidy as farm could be. But that by fences and low creek banks. The tall weeds towered in stately ranks. In uniforms of dark-green arrayed. Like soldiers upon dress parade.

Farmer John stood in the big barn door. And he viewed the whole thing o'er and o'er. And then, with never an uttered word. But as deep a sigh as ever you heard. He took the scythe from the apple tree. And slowly, but surely, started he. To mow down the weeds in the corners. With every sweep of the well-wearing scythe. Set them topple, and fall and writhe. In solid phalanx, and serried row. Runk upon rank, swift down they go. Till an army vast lies scattered round. Like French Hussars on a battle-ground. So red after rot, for a full half-mile. With often a sigh, and never a smile. He smote those weeds in the corners.

He rolled up his sleeves and he bared his breast. He paused but a moment, e'en now, to rest. Though his legs were weak and his back was lame. Though his breath like bellows-wind went and came. With strokes as steady and strong as before. He bent his back for a half-mile more. Cutting the weeds in the corners. Again he pauses and wipes his brow. But starts he out on the "home stretch" now. And strong and sure and relentlessly. He smites the Philistine, slip and thigh. Till there is never one left to show. How large and how strong a weed can grow. He left not a weed in the corners.

He hung up the scythe in the apple-tree. And smiled in a way that was hard to see. And said, as he took a resting spell. "Though I farm but little, I'll farm that well. I'll leave no dock or thistle grow. Their seeds, in the fall, broadcast to sow. I'll have no weeds in the corners."

Ah! noble farmers and farmer's wives. Do we, in the fair fields of our lives. Leave any weeds in the corners? Large harvests of good deeds we would reap. The enemy sows tares while we sleep. And knowing not that is sown the seed. Springs up full many a noxious weed. If we leave but one it grows and thrives. Till it spoils the symmetry of our lives. With growing weeds in the corners.

Ah! while we are filling life's fields so fair. With all that is beautiful, rich and rare. With blossoms of duty, in every hue. Let us mindful be of the corners too. The crops that we sow, spring up and yield. One season brief in the well-dressed field. Not so the weeds in the corners. Through all mischances their germs lie on. When every seed of good grain is gone. Before the fields we thought so clear. More and more with each coming year. So little faults flourish, and noxious weeds grow. How fast and how far their influence grows. Those noxious weeds in the corners.

A fretful manner, or grumbling tone. Dissatisfaction with what we own. Failing to give a neighbor his due. Or to keep the "Golden Rule" in view. Neglecting to speak a comforting word. When another's heart is by sorrow stirred. Failing by word, look and act, to prove. That "our own" we tenderly, truly love. Are wicked weeds in the corners. But mindfully, prayerfully, day by day. For the "hidden sin" let us watch always. Till like a beautiful well-tilled farm. There never is left a weed to harm. And no weeds are left in the corners.

—DART FAIRTHORNE.

A Dirge.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast—
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver bird.
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

These nor carckers care nor slanders;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Freteth thine unshrouded form.
Let them rave.
Light and shadow o'er wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chanteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calm thy head.
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and gillivater
Drip sweeter dew than traitor's tear.
Let them rave.
Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Round thee blow, soft-pleached deep
Bramble roses, faint and pale.
And long purples of the dale.
Let them rave.
These in every shower creep
Through the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

The gold-eyed king cups aine.
The fall bluebell peecheth o'er.
Rare brood of the purple clover.
Let them rave.
Kings have no such couch as thine.
As the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory cloudy—
But let them rave.
The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

—Alfred Tennyson.

Bravery.

Henry Maag was a factory boy in Cincinnati. The factory caught fire. Instead of running out to save himself, he ran up-stairs to tell the girls on the fourth floor. The stairways were already filled with smoke, and, in going down, after giving the alarm to the girls, he lost his way. Instead of leaving by the main floor, he went down into the cellar. Thence there was no escape. There his dead body was found the following day. It was in a kneeling posture, and his hands were clasped, as if in prayer. He was a brave boy.

A train on the Pennsylvania Railroad was running thirty or forty miles an hour. The fireman threw open the door of the furnace to throw in coal, and the flames burst out with a tremendous blaze and roar. They caught on the wood-work and enveloped the engineer. He could have jumped from the engine and saved his life. But if he had, the train would have rushed on, and the flames would have rushed back and burned the passengers. He would not desert his post. He seized the lever, reversed the engine, and stood still amid the flames until the train was stopped. The lives of all the passengers were saved, but he was so badly burned that he died in a few hours. He was a martyr to his duty. He was a brave man.

One night a fire broke out in a tenement house in New York city. A family who lived in the fourth story escaped to the street, but, in the terror of the moment, left the baby behind. The baby's older brother, a little boy of twelve, bravely mounted, through smoke and flame, the three flights of stairs, not knowing whether he should be able to get back or not. He found the baby, caught

it up in his arms, and brought it in safely down. He saved the baby, and he saved himself, but he was so badly burned that he had to be carried to the hospital to be nursed and taken care of. He was a brave boy. He was willing to suffer for the sake of his baby sister.

A little boy and girl were playing by a bonfire. The little girl was sitting before the fire when, somehow, her apron of cotton caught fire and began to blaze up about her. She screamed with terror. Her little brother did not scream nor run for help; he caught hold of the blazing apron and tore it off her and threw it upon the ground and trampled the flames out. He carried the scar of the burns on his hands for many days. It took a brave boy to do that—a boy who was willing to suffer to save his sister.

At the time of the gold fever in California, a man went from England to the diggings, and, after a while, sent money for his wife and children to follow him. While on the voyage, a fire broke out in the ship. With their utmost efforts, the sailors could not extinguish it. The boats were got out; the strong pushed into them, the weak were left to their fate. As the last boat was moving off, this mother pleaded for her boy. The sailors said there was not room for both; they would take one. The mother kissed her son, handed him over the side of the vessel, and gave him this message to deliver to his father: "Tell him," she said, "if you live to see him, that I died to save you." He escaped; she died. She was a brave woman.

This is the very spirit of Jesus Christ, who suffered that he might make others happy, and died that he might make others live. Be brave, boys. You cannot be like Christ unless you are brave—unless you are willing to suffer for the sake of others.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife."

Pastoral Visitation.

At the present time, while it seems to be imagined that no church can thrive and prosper without "a settled pastor," the idea of *real* pastoral visitation seems to be almost obsolete. We were conversing with a "pastor" not long ago, who admitted that in his visiting among his people he did not pray with them, or converse with them on religious subjects. The time was taken up in talking about current news and passing affairs.

A writer in the *Christian Standard* says: "Lately I heard of a minister who, upon visiting his members, asked the following questions: How many of the family are converted? Do they attend church and Sunday-school? Did you attend and commune at the last communion service? Do you have family worship, and when? In addition to this, he endeavored to speak with each member of the family in regard to their own spiritual condition, and had prayed with them. Surely, I thought, there must be an old-time minister. One of the prominent members said he had made the first pastoral visit they had had for over ten years. They had had friendly visits and social calls, but no pastoral calls for such a long time."

One of the great reasons assigned for the existence of what modern Christendom calls "pastors," is, that they may visit the people. But what are they to visit for? Is it simply to interchange the compliments of the season, and pass a half-hour in trifling or general conversation? Is it to take tea or take dinner here and there? Is it to go into prayerless homes and leave them as prayerless as they find them? Is this the work to which men claim to be called of God, and for which they are supported by the people? Surely, if this be so, then we have yet to learn the first elements of the duty of the minister of Jesus Christ. Is it not quite time that those concerned in this matter look about them, and see just what duties their position demands? If they watch for souls, and must give an account, let them see to it that they be able to do it with joy, and not with grief. It will be a sad day for the minister of the gospel when he comes to meet, in judgment, those whose spiritual interests were confided to his care, but who come unready and unwarned to meet their doom. "I have taught you," says the apostle, "publicly and from house to house." And this, not because he was a "pastor," salaried or hired to do it, but because the love of Christ constrained him, and the needs of perishing souls pressed hard upon his heart. How shall we give account to the Great Shepherd in the day of reckoning, if we fail to bring home the lost sheep, seek the wanderers, and rescue those that are perishing?—*The Christian*.

Cost of Missions.

Dr. J. M. Reid, says: "England is the great missionary nation. She gives about \$6,000,000 per year to foreign missions. She wastes on rum \$750,000,000; and her annual income, as the Lord Mayor told us recently in the great Exeter Hall Missionary Anniversary, is from \$50,000,000,000 to 60,000,000,000. Foreign missions cost her only one-thousandth of one per cent. of her income. The United States wastes on liquor \$600,000,000 a year. We give to foreign missions less than \$3,000,000 a year. The American Board did not expend as much in its first fifty years as is required to build one hundred and fifty miles of Massachusetts railroads. It costs \$1,220,000 to Christianize the Sandwich Islands. But now we receive back every year about \$5,000,000 in commerce. An immigrant is worth to this country the same as the introduction of \$800 in capital. A single missionary in the South Sea Islands is worth to the commerce of England about \$10,000 per year."

Brevities.

Iowa has had five new public libraries organized the past year.

Velocipedes of all kinds have been expelled from the streets of Berlin.

More than one-fourth of the population Minnesota is of Scandinavian origin.

The Exhibition buildings at Montreal are being converted into a cholera hospital.

The Norwegian Lutherans five years ago gave \$18,000 for its endowment, and this year \$20,000 for new buildings.

A boy was recently born in Berlin, Mass., who is said to have eleven great-grand, and great-great-grand-parents.

The Wesleyan and other bodies of Methodists in Great Britain now number 762,594, an increase of 5,041 during the year.

The inspectors of the Philadelphia Board of Health in examining 42,856 houses discovered 12,133 nuisances to be abated.

A Ventura paper says there are orders in that county for 30,000 pounds of dried peaches, to be shipped to Philadelphia direct.

A pressed paper chimney about 50 feet high has been built for a Breslau manufactory. The material has almost perfect powers of resistance to fire.

Careful estimates indicate that the corn crop of our great farm this year will reach 2,000,000,000 bushels, or 200,000,000 more than in 1884.

Brown University, by the bequest of Senator Anthony has the only known copy of the first edition of the New England Primer. It is valued at \$1,200.

During the last year there were 4,539 persons added to the 543 Reformed (Dutch) churches of this country, being an average of about eight to each church.

A couple in Leicestershire, Eng., who were married in July, 1815, the summer of the battle of Waterloo, had the rare fortune of celebrating their diamond wedding.

The 224 public schools of New York city reopened last week, and over 133,000 scholars were present the first day, about 4,000 more than on last year's opening day.

The City Council of Ogden, Utah, have passed an ordinance fining any boy or girl under the age of 16 years found on the streets after 9 o'clock p. m. without a written permit.

An immense cheese weighing 3,000 pounds, for which 16 tons of milk were used, was made recently at East Aurora, N. Y. It is claimed to be the largest cheese ever pressed.

The "National Baptist" urges that the Baptist denomination raise one million dollars for mission work during the current year for its Foreign and Home Mission and Publication Societies.

At the celebration of the 71st anniversary of the repulse of the British army at Baltimore, September 12, only one of the five survivors of the Old Defenders Society was able to be present at the dinner.

The Legislative Council of Portugal has rejected, by a vote of 70 to 12, the proposal of the Minister of Justice that the constitution should be changed so as to allow perfect liberty of religious worship.

A Baptist church in Dakota has had a present of a tract of land from one of its members, and the other members had a ploughing bee, and expect a good return for church uses from the wheat crop when it is harvested.

It is stated that the assessed valuation of property in the Southern States has in the best five years risen from \$2,184,000,000 to \$3,075,000,000, owing to improved systems in agriculture and to labor-saving machinery.

The Government of Brazil has secured, after a ten years' struggle, the measure for the emancipation of its slaves, the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate having passed the bill. Nearly 1,200,000 slaves will thus be made free.

Of the 43,402,970 whites in the United States, 21,602,687, or about one-half, are either foreign born or children of parents of foreign birth. The "Lutheran Observer" says that about one-half of them come from land holding the Lutheran faith.

A petition presented by merchants for the reopening of the closed ports has been thrown out by the Government of Peru as contrary to law. Caceres remains at Tarma. The capture of a Cacerist spy with dispatches is announced.

A deep religious interest is pervading Pittsburg and Allegheny City, resulting from meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association. All-day meetings for prayer have been held, and many of the factory operatives are among the converts.

A French aeronaut seems to have discovered the art of steering a balloon. Recently several experiments were made at Paris before large crowds of spectators, when he was able to make his balloon rise, sail in any direction, and descend at his pleasure.

The authorities of the Antwerp exposition forbade the sale of the Bible and religious tracts at a kiosk near the grounds, but colporteurs have distributed widely among the visitors tracts in Flemish, French, German, English, Italian, and Spanish, and held meetings for prayer in various languages.

Revivals are the best antidote to heresy and the best arguments against infidelity. Heresy starves in a revival; and infidelity recedes from its warmth and power and faith in ignoble retreat. In real revivals, fundamental truths, such as regeneration by the Holy Spirit, forgiveness of sins through the sacrifice of Christ, and the rewards and retributions at the judgment day, are made vivid, weighty, cogent and unanswerable.

Household.

SUCROTASH.—Six ears of corn; one pint of string-beans trimmed and cut into short pieces; one tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour; one cup of milk; pepper and salt. Cut the corn from the cob, bruising it as little as possible. Put over the fire with the beans in enough hot water, salted, to cover them, and stew gently half a hour. Turn off nearly all the water and add a cupful of milk. Simmer in this, stirring to prevent burning, twenty minutes; add the flour-butter, the pepper and salt, and stew ten minutes. Serve in a deep dish.

COAL ASHES.—Many persons make no use of coal ashes, but it certainly is an excellent mulch, "particularly for evergreens," so says an old gardener; and gardens where the soil baked badly have been brought into excellent condition by spading in coal ashes after other things had been tried without success. Fertilizing qualities are not claimed for coal ashes, but it gives depth to the soil in a very inexpensive way. It makes it work easier, serves as a mulch, and insects are not fond of working in it.—*Vick's Magazine*.

A "big tea" costs as much in money and labor as would a pretty little dinner of five or six courses. Except for those whose primary object always and everywhere, whenever their knees are duly introduced under the mahogany, is the gratification of appetite, the entertainment is pure weariness—the happiest moment when the back is turned upon the disorderly table where meats and sweets are jumbled without plan or taste.

Black coffee is an excellent stomachic. Physicians are fast settling into the belief that it is the most wholesome preparation of coffee. Many may drink it clear, i. e., without cream or sugar, who dare not use it with these modifications. It is a pleasant and graceful *sequitur* to dinner, and most "Johns" like to take it in sitting-room or parlor, seated at ease, with liberty to chat while they sip it slowly.—*The Cottage Kitchen*.

SCALLOPED SQUASH.—Mash in the usual way; put upon a layer of crumbs laid in the bottom of a pudding-dish, having reasoned the squash with butter, pepper and salt. Pour a little cream on top and strewn with crumbs. Bake, covered, half an hour, then brown.

When your guest declines to eat more, do not insist upon reloading his plate and refilling his cup. He ought to be the best judge of his appetite and capacity. Impertinence in such cases verges upon rudeness.

Of neighborly duties to invalids, I would fain believe that I may take up Paul's words and say: "Ye need not that I should write unto you."—*The Cottage Kitchen*.

It Don't Pay.

It don't pay to hang one citizen because another citizen sells him liquor. It don't pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another citizen sells him liquor. It don't pay to have one citizen in a lunatic asylum because another citizen sold him liquor. It don't pay to have fifty workmen ragged to have one saloon-keeper dressed in broadcloth and flash with money. It don't pay to have ten smart, active, intelligent boys transformed into thieves to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling them liquor. It don't pay to have fifty workmen and their families live on bone soup and half-ration, in order that one saloon-keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne. It don't pay to give one man, for \$15 a quarter, a license to sell liquor, and then spend \$5,000 on a trial of another man for buying that liquor and committing murder under its influences.—*Christian Secretary*.

Seymour on Grant.

The venerable statesman, Horatio Seymour, has an article on Grant in the October number of the *North American Review*. It is probably the shortest article ever written for any review in the world. Here it is: "While I was not intimate with General Grant, we were always upon pleasant terms. I held him in high regard. His words on his death-bed, like his deeds upon battle-fields, served his country. They strengthened our Union by promoting good will between all sections." HORATIO SEYMOUR.

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TAKES THE LEAD. WHY APPROACHES nearer the Old Method of hand-rubbing than any invention yet introduced to the public. Owing to its intrinsic merits over 32,000 now in use, it needs only to be seen and tried to be appreciated. Awarded first premiums 1883 and 1884. Costs but little more, and worth double any other machine in the market. Agents wanted everywhere. Circulars, terms, etc., free. (See list at the Pairs).

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Daily Express and Emigrant Trains make prompt connections with several railway lines in the East, connecting at

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Man Wanted

to his locality. Responsible house. References changed. C. Y. & B. 108, 12 Barclay St., N. Y.

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"I SEE YOU ARE ON THE WATCH," AS the thief said to the guard chain. So always is the great IXL for low-price goods. Corner Kearny and Commercial streets.

250 Blue Flannel Suits..... \$6 00
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60 Cheviot Sack Suits..... 9 50
300 Fancy Braid Suits..... 10 00
250 Outaway Frock Suits..... 10 00
350 Cassimere Sack Suits..... 10 00
225 Cheviot Sack Suits..... 10 50
125 Outaway Sack Suits..... 12 00
500 Outaway Frock Suits..... 13 00
165 Scotch Tweed Suits..... 14 00
200 Diagonal Mixed Suits..... 14 50
300 Imported Worsteds Suits..... 15 00
75 English Melton Suits..... 15 00
245 Imported Beaver Suits..... 16 00
325 Diagonal Sack Suits..... 17 00
225 Imported Cassimere Suits..... 18 00
350 Corkscrew Frock Suits..... 18 50
230 Blue Pique Frock Suits..... 20 00
125 Diagonal Frock Suits..... 21 00

OVERCOATS.

100 Cassimere Overcoats..... \$5 50
175 Cheviot Ulsters..... 6 00
500 Reversible Ulsters..... 7 00
250 Silk-faced Overcoats..... 8 00
300 Dark, Mixed Overcoats..... 9 00
400 Tweed Ulsters..... 10 00
120 Chinichilla Overcoats..... 10 00
220 Corkscrew Overcoats..... 12 50
135 English Melton Overcoats..... 14 00
275 Imported Chinichilla Overcoats..... 15 00

It is a conund

The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

News Items.

DOMESTIC.

The Constitutional Convention of Dakota has adopted for its State motto, "Under God the People Rule."

John Nicholson, the editor of the *Deseret News*, with two other Mormons, has been sent to jail for six months.

The Transcontinental Association has decided to discontinue the monthly guaranty of \$55,000 to the Pacific Mail.

The American Iron and Steel Association has adopted resolutions protesting against the general revision of the tariff at the next session of Congress.

Special Agent Haley reports to the General Land Office that the Southern Pacific Railroad has cut from the public domain over \$600,000 worth of lumber, ties and shingles.

The Pike's Peak Railroad will soon be finished. It is now in operation to a point 12,000 feet above sea level. It will be 2,000 feet higher than the Oroya Railway, in Peru.

Some of the "personal liberty" and "individual rights" votaries of the rum traffic tried to "blow up" Sam Jones, on Sunday week, by putting dynamite in his stable. They have waked up the wrong passenger.

Three persons were recently arrested in Philadelphia and placed under \$300 bail for profanity on a street corner, under a law of the city which imposes a fine of \$100 or three months' imprisonment, or both, for the offense.

The Portland (Me.) police have unearthed one of the most remarkable liquor traps ever discovered since the prohibitory law went into force. A lead pipe containing whisky, and laid in cement, was followed 138 feet across a public way to the source of supply.

The minutes of the Presbyterian Alliance show a total of 6,750,460 communicants; Great Britain comes first with nearly 3,000,000 of that denomination, the European Continent second and the United States third, having 1,231,377 Presbyterians.

FOREIGN.

A Member of the Brahmo Somaj has translated the Koran into Bengalee from the original Arabic.

Premier Brisson says the gains of the French Conservatives cannot shake the confidence of the Republicans.

The wheat harvest of Great Britain proved to be above the average, and is said to have added at least \$67,000,000 to the nation's wealth.

Ninety million letters passed through the Japanese mails during the last year and three miles of messages were sent over her telegraph wires.

The use of tobacco is to be absolutely prohibited in all the Government schools France, on the ground that it affects, injuriously, the ability to study.

Three of the Burmese Ambassadors who are visiting the European capitals are accompanied by their wives, a significant and remarkable circumstance in Oriental usage.

Bergen, in Norway, has a very fine new street constructed with the funds from license fees, and called by the suggestive name of the Drammensvei or Grog-way.

Lord Dufferin has been given full freedom of action in the trouble with Burmah. England has demanded satisfaction from Spain for an insult to the English Consulate at Havana.

The report of the Canadian Niagara Falls Park Commission has been accepted, and they will proceed with the valuation of the 118 acres to be reserved for the park on that side the river.

The French Government has refused to release Romish students of theology and priests from the obligation to military service. They will be liable hereafter to serve among the troops in reserve.

The reduction of the rates for sending telegrams by the British Postoffice Department from a shilling to sixpence for 12 words went into operation last week. A largely increased business followed.

An illustration of the great change in regard to female education in India is the fact that a Bengalee lady, residing in England with her husband, has published a book about England in her own language.

The French Admiral sent to overthrow and crush the natives of Madagascar, who will not submit to the unjust and unjustifiable aggressions of France, has had to report a severe defeat of his invading troops.

Under the new law in Italy any circus which does not fully perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is liable to a fine of \$500 for each offense.

The insanity of King Ludwig, of Bavaria, is now believed to be hopeless. Latterly he has become quite violent, on several occasions having assaulted his attendants. He is under the closest surveillance.

Very destructive floods have inundated 3,500 square miles of Bengal, India, in which many lives and much property has been lost. The rice crop on which the people depend as their staple for food, has been greatly injured, so that much suffering must follow.

The leading Liberal and Nonconformist clergymen of Scotland have sent a memorial to Mr. Gladstone urging his efforts in securing the reestablishment of the Church of Scotland, as a legislative step demanded by political justice as well as by national religion in that portion of the empire.

Sunday-School Lesson for Nov. 1st.

II Kings xiii: 14-25.

THE DEATH OF ELISHA.

BY REV. WALTER FEAR.

ELISHA AGAIN.

The curtain is lifted and we are permitted to look in upon the deathbed scene of this most lovable of the prophets. The last forty-five years of his life, nearly half of it, is to us a blank. No miracle is recorded of him; no mention is made of his name. What he did all this time we do not know, though the lesson to-day implies that he continued to be the hope of Israel.

Jehu received his anointing at his hand, but we do not read that either Jehu or his son Jehoahaz in all their long reigns ever consulted him. He had been at least sixty-six years in the prophetic office. He died as he had lived, the prophet of salvation. His last words were a promise of victory and deliverance to Israel.

He was four times longer in the service than Elijah. He did more miracles. He probably won more souls unto the Lord. A double portion of Elijah's spirit was upon him. He stood not less high in the divine love. Why, then, did not God take him to the skies in a chariot of glory, as well as Elijah? One translation which left its beams of heavenly light resting down on the earth was enough. It was better for Elisha to die as we all die. He fell sick with a sickness that was unto death. Yet his death was a grand one. There was a ring of victory about it. It bore as clear a stamp of the divine approval upon his life, and it brings as sweet a hope to our hearts as did the departure of Elijah.

JOASH.

He was the grandson of Jehu. He clung to the calf worship, and thus did evil in the sight of the Lord. This decided his character as for true righteousness. Yet there was some good about him. There was tenderness in his heart. He appreciated Elisha's work and worth.

(a) He went to see him in his sickness. He wept over him. He gave heartfelt testimony to his regard for him, and to the value of Elisha's services. He felt his loss. With impassioned earnestness, he exclaimed, "My father! my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" This was the expression of warm personal affection, and also of the conviction that Elisha had been a better defense to the nation than all its war chariots and cavalry.

(b) This tribute signified all the more, because there was in it the memory of a history. They are the words that Elisha himself had uttered sixty-six years before, when Elijah was taken up. It shows that Joash was deeply impressed with what Elijah had been to the nation, and that he was familiar with the story of his wonderful and deathless life.

Joash accepts Elisha's estimate of Elijah, and exalts him in that dying hour to the same elevation. Elisha, so to speak, had become canonized in the heart of the nation, and Joash now gives to the dying prophet the same place. Though idolatry had continued to prevail, in all these years, yet the king here gives witness that the prophet's God had been all along, and still was, the only salvation of the land.

(c) The honor withheld in life is given in death. At no time in Elisha's life did any of the kings of Israel show appreciation of him. They never went to seek his help. Only in extremity and with reluctance did they accept divine aid at his hand. They gave him no grateful expression. They ignored him as much as possible. Joash here virtually confesses their mistake. The final verdict is right. The wicked may shun the righteous in life, but they honor them in death. The persecuted Christian becomes the canonized saint. However mean may wish to live, their prayer is, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

THE DYING BLESSING.

(Vs. 15-17) It would almost seem as if Joash had come to receive such a blessing. Such dying benediction from saintly fathers was greatly prized. It was thought to carry with it inheritance of good. We remember how the children of Isaac and Jacob valued it.

Under God Elisha had been a savior to Israel many times. The prophetic blessing he now gave to Israel's king was in the line of the prophet's character and ministry. It was an assurance of further salvation and victory. Elisha would die, but Elisha's God could still save the nation. The blessing was most impressively given. The king was told to take bow and arrows; to put his hand on the bow; to open the window Eastward toward Syria; to shoot. It all meant a victory for Israel over their great enemy. This was a gladsome assurance, for the army of Israel had been almost entirely destroyed by the king of Syria. Only fifty horsemen and ten chariots and 10,000 footmen were left, and there was great oppression. Elisha laid his hands on the king's when he shot, to signify that the divine power that he represented would be with the king in the battle. The king must be the instrument, but God would do the smiting. The arrow was the Lord's arrow of victory. One arrow was shot. Others remained in the king's hand. These the king was directed to take and smite on the ground.

(Vs. 18-19) He smote but three times. He had too little faith and earnestness for a great blessing. The shot arrow had already been made to him a symbol of victory; but he expected little. His arm did not nerve itself; his heart did not catch the glow of success. He was timid and distrustful; much would depend on his own energy. The way he smote with the arrows showed that he was not keyed to the grand things that God would do. It showed that he was half-hearted and unfitted to be the instrument of the great deliverance that God would work.

DEATH NOT THE END.

(Vs. 20-21) Elisha died. His influence lived. His life force continued as a power in the world. This is true of us all. We live in other hearts and lives after we die. This general truth is suggested and typified by the incident recorded here.

The hands of Moabites renewed their old-time incursions after Elisha's death. He once had a strong hand in a signal victory over them (Ch. iii). They may have been restrained by the thought of his power while he lived, and encouraged to repeat their raids by his death. But Elisha's God was not dead. Neighbors were carrying a friend out for burial. At sight of a band of Moabites they dropped the body into Elisha's tomb. The life restored by touching Elisha's bones was like a resurrection of Elisha's power to Israel. God was still with them, and would save them. The power that worked through Elisha had not passed away in his death. Men fall, prophets die, the cause goes on.

We do not believe in miracles attributed to relics of saints; but this miracle was timely and pertinent. It had a purpose; it perpetuated Elisha's influence; it was in the line of the miracles wrought in his life. We doubt not that it inspired the people with courage to resist their foes. It doubtless helped on to the

FULFILLMENT OF THE PROPHECY.

(Vs. 21-25) The kingdom was at low-ebb. The hope of existence had well-nigh gone out. All through the reign of Jehoahaz, the preceding king, Israel had been raided on and devoured by Syria, until scarcely any freedom or national vitality was left.

But God had a tender love for his people. He remembered his covenant of old, and spared them for his mercy's sake. His compassions are still the same.

In his providence the relentless Hazael died, and Benhadad, a less determined foe, became his successor.

Encouraged by this, but much more, doubtless, by the dying promise of Elisha, Joash struck his three blows, defeating the Syrians in three battles, and recovered the lost cities of Israel. The word of the dying prophet was fulfilled. Had Joash been true to God in his heart, had he been a man of faith, God would have done great things through him. Lasting victories would have been achieved. It is ever to us according to our faith.

MARRIED.

PENDELTON—HALL—In Oakland, October 1, 1885, at the residence of Wm. J. Frierson, by Rev. I. E. Dwinell, Jasper C. Pendleton of Quincy, Plumas county, to Maud Mary Hall of Oakland.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

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MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS.

The distinguishing feature about the "Mason & Hamlin Upright" is an important improvement in the method of holding the strings of the piano, which originated in their own factory. The strings are secured by metallic fastenings, instead of by the friction of pins set in wood, as has been the case, and the advantages resulting are numerous and highly important. Among them are the following: Wonderful beauty and musical quality of tone; far less liability in getting out of tune; greater reliability in trying climates; and greater solidity of construction and durability. Mason & Hamlin have made 150,000 organs. They can hardly expect to make as many pianos, but they will doubtless be called upon for a very large number.

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Now is the time to furnish up your home, as furniture never was as cheap as it is at present, and never will be so low again. Convince yourself by calling at the store of the California Furniture Company, 220 to 226 Bush street.

"BEAUTIFUL CRAFTON."

This celebrated health retreat is near the base of San Bernardino mountain, 2,300 feet above sea level, an altitude most desirable for invalids. Terms are reasonable, table good, always plenty of milk and cream. Address M. H. Crafts, Lugonia P. O., Cal.

In most large cities it is to be found the clothing house of Nicoll & Co. They have a fine store in this city, at 816 Market street. We have always found them square, fair men to deal with, and prices very reasonable.

DURHAM, Ia., March 2, 1883.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has cured me of the inflammatory Rheumatism, after being troubled with the disease for eight years.

W. M. MOORE.

Schafer & Co., 11 Montgomery street, give excellent fits and excellent making. Our friends who have tried their clothing seem to be well satisfied. Give them a call.

VIENNA CHAIRS.

One of the most beautiful and useful articles of furniture to be seen is the new Vienna chairs, either for saloon or private dwellings. For sale by the California Furniture Company, 220 to 226 Bush street.

CATARRH.—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 301 King street West, Toronto, Canada.

The advertisement of Nicoll & Co. and Schafer & Co. will be found in other columns. They are both excellent places to buy custom-made or ready-made clothing. Many of our friends from other parts of the State are now here to the meeting of the General Association. You will consult your own best interests as well as ours if you patronize those whose advertisements you see in THE PACIFIC.

EDITORS PACIFIC: We will keep our advertisement running another month if one person sends an order during the month, and mentions your paper in the order.

[Will our readers take notice, and help themselves and us!]

Perkins & Wilson, whose dry goods store advertisement is in another column, are our sort of people. We recommend our friends to trade with them, as we have long done with great satisfaction.

"Where shall I buy a good hat?" "At Herrmann's, 336 Kearny street," is our ready reply. We wear his hats, and so do very many of our friends, and are satisfied. He has recently doubled the size of his store, which shows deserved prosperity.

The best Ankle Boot and Collar Pad are made of zinc and leather. TRY THEM.

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COMMERCIAL.

Flour—Best brands of City Extra, \$4.37 1/2 to 5.00; Superfine, \$3.50 to 4.00. WHEAT—\$1.40 to 1.52 1/2 per cwt. BARLEY—Feed, \$1.30 to 1.55. OATS—\$1.15 to 1.45.

FEED—Bran, \$18.00 @ 19.00; ground barley, \$29.00 to 30.00; middlings, \$23.50 to \$24.50.

POTATOES—30s to 75c per cwt.

FRUIT—Lemons, \$1.50 to 3.50 per box for California; Bananas, 1.75 to \$2.25 a bunch; Apples, 20c to 60c per box; Oranges, California \$3.00 to 3.50 per box; Strawberries, \$3.00 to 4.00 per chest; Peaches, 50c to \$1.25 per box; Figs, 40c to 75c per box; Grapes, 40c to \$1.00 per box.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 60c to 75c per cwt.; Marrowfat Squash, \$6.00 to 8 per ton; Green Peas, 3 1/2c per lb; Tomatoes, 35c to 60c per box.

HAY—\$9.00 to 15.00 for all grades. Straw, 60c to 75c per bale.

BUTTER—Choice, Cal. 36c to 38c.

CHEESE—Cal. 8c to 9c choice.

EGGS—37 1/2 to 42 1/2c per doz for Cal.

Wool—6 1/2 to 6 3/4 first quality; 5 1/2 to 6c for third.

LAMB—5 to 6c per lb.

MUTTON—Wethers, 4 to 4 1/2; Ewes, 3 1/2 to 4.

PORK—Live hogs, 2 1/2 to 3 1/2c for hard grain hogs on foot; dressed, 5 to 5 1/2c for city.

HAMS AND CURED MEATS—Shoulder, 10c to 12c; Short Loin, 35c to 60c; Medium, 60c to 75c; Long Loin, 90c.

TEST YOUR BAKING POWDER TO-DAY!

Brands advertised as absolutely pure CONTAIN AMMONIA.

THE TEST: Place a can top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell. A chemical will not be required to detect the presence of ammonia.



DOES NOT CONTAIN AMMONIA.

ITS HEALTHFULNESS HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED.

In a million homes for a quarter of a century it has stood the consumers' reliable test.

THE TEST OF THE OVEN.

PRICE'S BAKING POWDER CO.,

MAKERS OF

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts,

The strongest, most delicious and natural flavor known, and

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For Light, Healthy Bread, The Best Dry Hop

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FOR SALE BY GROCERS.

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MOST PERFECT MADE

Purest and strongest Natural Fruit Flavors.

Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, Almond, Rose, etc.,

flavor as delicately and naturally as the fruit.

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DEAR SIR: I am showing and want you to see a very fine line of

NEW STYLES FOR THIS SEASON'S WEAR!

FROCK, OUTAWAY AND SACK SUITS,

In all the Leading Colorings.

FANCY, MIXED AND PLAIN GOODS.

Pants made to order, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10 and \$12.

Suits made to order, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$38, \$40 to \$65.

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MADE TO ORDER OF THE NEWEST MATERIALS, FROM THE VERY FINEST, LINED THROUGHOUT WITH SILK, TO THE MOST MODERATE IN COST.

Samples, with instructions for Self-Measurement, sent free. A Small Stock of Uncalled-for Goods, Pants, Vests, Coats, Overcoats, and Ulsters at Immense Reduction.

FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.

I shall be pleased to send you self-measurement rules, by which you can take an accurate measure of yourself or friends, and shall be most happy to forward you samples for self and friends.

The Electric Light is used at night, so that you can see equally as clear then as at noonday. Please give me a call.

Yours Respectfully,

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Gentlemen's Furnishing

GOODS,

Desire to call special attention to their large and complete assortment of gentlemen's fine furnishing goods, suitable for the fall trade, consisting, in part, of white and colored shirts, Scotch wool and Merino underwear, socks, ties, gloves, suspenders, etc., etc., all of which we sell at the lowest prices.

Just received, an immense stock of fine SILK UMBRELLAS, which we offer for \$2.50 up.

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FINE ART GIFT BOOKS.
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